

THE  
FAIR MORALIST.  
OR,  
LOVE and VIRTUE.  
A NOVEL. *K*

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By *Mrs.* CHARLOTTE *Mc*CARTHY.

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The SECOND EDITION, Corrected,  
and Improv'd.

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To which is added,  
THE  
AUTHOR'S OBSERVATIONS,  
OR, A  
LOOKING-GLASS  
FOR THE  
FAIR SEX.

ALSO  
Several additional POEMS, never  
before publish'd.

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By the SAME.

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L O N D O N :

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MDCCXLVI.

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ADVERTISEMENT  
TO THE  
PUBLICK.

*WHEN* the FAIR MORALIST first made its Appearance, at the particular Requests of some of my Acquaintance, who were good-natur'd enough to commend the Subject; I so little expected Things so serious, as Virtue and Sincerity, to meet with a general Approbation; or indeed, just then, so little heeded whether they did or not, that the following Preface (which I at first intended should be prefix'd to the Work) I threw carelessly aside, printed but a few Books to please my Friends, and sent 'em naked into the World, without even a bare Apology for the Insufficiency of an imperfect Muse: However, as the surprizing Success it has hitherto met with, and the ex-

iv      Advertisement, &c.

traordinary Desires of the Publick to see it again in Print, has oblig'd me to consent to the publishing this Second Edition, I think I can do no less, than return some Acknowledgments for the Pleasure I receiv'd in being so agreeably disappointed; and assure 'em this, withal, that what I have since added, or, for the future may present 'em with, may meet but with the same kind Treatment, is, the highest Ambition of their

Humble Servant

Charlotte M'Carthy.



P R E-

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# PREFACE,

Design'd for the  
FIRST EDITION.

**T**HE Reader, perhaps, will be surpris'd to find the following little Piece presented to the Publick under so unfashionable a Title, in an Age, when Stories of Morality, True Love, or Virtue, are look'd upon as the idle Tales of antiquated Matrons, and believ'd as little. Few fine Gentlemen, now-a-days, wou'd engage in a Love Affair, were it not for the Conveniency of disengaging themselves whenever they pleas'd, or be captivated with the Charms, or Virtue, of a beautiful Maid, cou'd they not as readily disregard 'em for the next they saw—and fewer Ladies would preach Morality, were they oblig'd to live up to the Rules they prescribe.—Virtue would be seldom pretended to, were it not the best Cloak to conceal Vice: It is probable, that some of those  
nar

## P R E F A C E.

narrow-minded Gentry, who have this Way of thinking, may condemn my Subject, and laughing, say, there never was an Emelia, or Philander, because they knew 'em not, at least, their Merits: But I wrote not to please them, nor can either their Censure or Applause, make me repent the Trouble I have taken, or be joyful at the Success--- There are still a few, I hope, whom I would please, and these I doubt not, will excuse my Errors, for the Sake of the Subject;—where they find Deficiency in Sentiment, or Language, they will, I hope, candidly remember the Motive, and forgive the Inability.—I confess the Characters are of my own Invention, for I fear I might have search'd in History long enough, before I could have found a Maid to have resembled Emelia, or a Youth so honourable as Philander; however, it is not impossible that there may have been such, tho' their Story is not made publick; nor do I in the least think my Tale incredible, for even the most unlikely Circumstances in it, I believe, have had their Parallel in real Life, tho' not, perhaps, in the Beau-monde. The Protection  
of



## P R E F A C E.

*of Heaven o'er the Innocent, Emelia's Love and Friendship,---the Fidelity of the Servants,---the Libertine reclaim'd,---and the miraculous Change of Fortune to reward the Virtuous, have, doubtless, Precedents to support 'em; but, supposing they had not, it is not my Business here to describe both Sex, as they really are, but as they ought to be; and my Endeavours are not so much to paint Human Virtue, as to mend human Frailties, an uncomfortable Task, when the Sermon is despis'd, and the Preacher laugh'd, at.--If it answers the End, I'm sufficiently recompenc'd; if not, I'm sufficiently pleas'd in knowing my Designs were good: So, be the Reader's Judgment as it will, I can say, (and can the most successful say more?) I'm content.*

**T H E**



# P R E F A C E

of Heaven for the famous, English, Law  
and Philosophy—the History of the  
events—the History of the  
various Causes of Justice to  
the Virtues, but, doubtless, Presidents to  
support, but, but, supporting the law, is  
is not in, but, but, but, but, but, but, but,  
as the law, but, but, but, but, but, but, but,  
and, but, but, but, but, but, but, but, but,  
Human Justice, as to man, human Justice,  
the, an uncountable Law, where the Law,  
and is helped, and the Law, but, but, but,  
it—If it is not the Law, I am, I am,  
recompensed, it is, I am, I am, I am,  
in knowing my Duty, and good, but, but,  
the Reader's Judgment as it will, I can  
(and can the most beautiful for me)  
I am content.

T H E

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T H E

# FAIR MORALIST.

**I**N a certain City famous for Gallantry, dwelt a Gentleman, whose considerable Fortune and engaging Deportment render'd so agreeable to all those who chuse to possess the reigning Pleasures of the Age, at the Expence of others, that his Gates were often thronged with that fashionable Part of the Town that change Day into Night; nor was his Board ever ungrac'd by Numbers of the highest Rank.

But Satiety soon succeeded the Loss of Wealth, and as his splendid Entertainments decreas'd in Number, so did his Friends, till Experience at length taught him that true Felicity was only founded on Virtue and Solitude, and that all the glittering Follies of the noisy World, are but Vanity, Discontent, and the plain Road to Poverty and Destruction. Being well assur'd of this (tho' not too late) for he had still

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enough

## 2 The FAIR MORALIST.

enough left to maintain a Cottage, he bids adieu to the Deceits of a Court, and betakes him to a rural Life. He had one Daughter, whose Years as yet could not permit her to be tainted with the contagious Vices of a City, and in whose Safety dwelt all his future Hopes of Happiness below, since on his Care alone depended hers, (being left motherless when an Infant) he resolv'd to employ the Remainder of his Days in rendering her capable of distinguishing wherein true Happiness consists. In order so to do, he sought the most obscure but pleasant Retreat; Heaven, as if indulgent to his Wishes, directed him to one, 'twas small, yet convenient, placed free from Noises; save what were made by the various Sorts of feather'd Quiristers by Day, or that of lonely Philomel by Night, whose solitary Song join'd to the hollow Murmurs of the whistling Winds, yields fittest Sounds to sooth the wakeful Soul of Melancholy. 'Twas situated in a Valley, Nature on one Side had form'd a Grove, which seem'd as if she had design'd it a Pattern for her Handmaids ever to imitate, never to be excell'd. On the other Side run a pleasant Brook, which was supply'd by a Stream that descended from the Top of an adjacent Mountain, and form'd in its Fall a natural Cascade. By this Brook the tender Willows had carelessly

## The FAIR MORALIST. 3

ly twin'd round each other, and made a little  
Arbour, curiously placed for the Amusement  
of Angling, which *Philemon* much admir'd,  
A Servant next he got to tend the Fair-one,  
and keep his Habitation free from Soil or  
Disorder. That she might be likely to have  
some Fidelity, and little Vice, he chose her  
amidst the Cottagers, youthful, plain, and  
simple, her Youth secured her from Vice, her  
Homeliness from Vanity, and her Simplicity  
from Deceit; therefore the fittest Companion  
for *Emelia*, (for that was the Virgin's Name)  
who was now about 14 Years of Age, and on whom  
Heaven had bestow'd all Perfections, both of  
Mind and Person. She wasauteous to Ad-  
miration; her Looks mild and serene, mix'd  
with a Pleasantness, which render'd her Coun-  
tenance so agreeable, that her Smiles alone  
were sufficient to have thaw'd the most frozen  
Heart, nor was her Beauty all her Dower, for  
Heaven had given her a Mind as much supe-  
rior to the rest of her Sex, as was her Beauty.  
Her Sense flow'd natural and easy, nor was it  
blended with what the mistaken World calls  
Sense; her's was solid, just, and profound,  
tho' artless; no Flights of bumbast Wit, Sister  
to Folly, but Sentences of Truth, Solidity and  
Sweetness, the Product of a Genius, inspir'd



#### 4 The FAIR MORALIST.

by all that forms the nobler Soul of Virtue. That she might the better be instructed in the Knowledge of that Goddess, *Philemon* had provided her a choice Collection of the most precious and edifying Authors, such as rightly cultivates the Mind, teaches to condemn the ambitious World, and seek our Happiness above. Yet least these, by too frequent use, shou'd become tiresom, he allow'd innocent Diversions sometimes to take place; he had Musick, which *Emelia* understood to Perfection, and much delighted in: another while her Flock claim'd her Attendance, and ought besides, without her present Confines, were held as worthless Trifles, Names which *Emelia* treated with Indifference, Things inconsistent with Delight and Peace.—Thus was our *Philemon* satisfied in all his Wishes, and his Life seem'd only now to begin its Date of Pleasures.—But as human Life is like a Shadow, no sooner seemingly enjoy'd than vanish'd, so was that of *Philemon's*; for he had scarce liv'd thus blissfully the Space of two Years, ere he found Nature beginning to decline, and plainly foresaw he must no longer hope to partake of the transitory Joys below. *Emelia*, for whose dear Sake alone he startled at the Thoughts of approaching Eternity, felt the severest Pangs of Sorrow, at the bare Apprehension of parting  
with

## The FAIR MORALIST. 5

with so rare and inestimable a Jewel; A Parent so different from those of the present Age; however, tho' but too sensible of the Loss, she endeavour'd to appear compos'd, and with a Resolution uncommon in her Sex, resign'd her Happiness to his. — *Philemon* was charm'd with his Daughter's Conduct on this Occasion, tho' well he knew her inward Concern; for altho' she had learn'd thro' his Example to bear Misfortunes like a Philosopher, this was a severe Blow; and Nature too weak for her Understanding, shew'd its Frailty thro' her Visage. The Rose forsook her Cheeks, her Lips grew pale, her Smiles were forc'd, her Flocks thro' her Neglect look'd like herself, forlorn; and some of the Women still appear'd thro' the Disguise. The unwelcome Hour at length drew nigh, and calling *Emelia* to him, he thus began to fortify her against the ill Consequences of a boundless Sorrow, and discharge the last Point of his filial Duty. My dearest *Emelia*, said the good old Man, you are now capable of struggling thro' the fatiguing, and precarious Maze of Life, which you must hereafter do without my Guidance; for Heaven is pleas'd to call me hence, and requires that you, as well as I, shou'd chearfully obey its mighty Will. I can only at present leave you my Advice, which I pray the Powers you may follow;

## 26 The FAIR MORALIST,

in so doing, you will claim their Protection against all Insults of Fortune : I know you have an Understanding uncommon at your Years, but trust not to that, nor venture further than your present Station, into the deceitful World ; for I have been deceiv'd, tho' by some accounted wise. — Here my little All you may safely still possess ; however, if Time or Accident change your Situation, let Reason be your Guide, and conduct your Steps ; for She is a sincere Friend, and will not flatter : — Let no vain aspiring hope delude you to a Court, for there Peace is a Stranger : — Beware of pretended Friendship, that Cloak to Mischief : — Confide in few, or rather none ; yet behave obligingly to all : — Think not thy Sex are just, because thyself art so, but shun the Snares they lay, more dangerous to fall in, than in the Ways of the deceitful Crocodile, which weeps at Ruin ere itself compleats it : — Hearken not to Love, for Men are Monsters there, and only court the Glory to undo ; shun 'em *Emelia*, as thou woud'st thy Fate ; their very Looks are Poison to the Soul, their Words contagious Plagues ; and ah ! their Touch, *Emelia*, is worse than Hell describ'd with all its Torments ! Yet where thou can'st not help conversing, choose those of Sense, for Vice is seldom there ; and let the Fool be  
shun'd

shunn'd if thou'd'st be happy, I can no more. *Emelia* ( for Grief had denied her Tongue the Power of Utterance ) let fall a Shower of Tears, and with a Bow, attended by a Sigh, silently, tho' plainly express'd her sincere Design to obey his just Commands, whilst he clasping her in his aged Arms, expir'd without a Groan or Struggle, for Nature, grown weary, laid readily down her Burden. --- The Soul who knows to be just and grateful, can only guess at poor *Emelia's*, who after performing the solemn Rites due to his honourable Clay, appear'd so disconsolate, that her former Amusements became tiresom; and notwithstanding all *Dorissa*, her faithful Servant, cou'd say to dissuade her from Sorrow, her Grief overcame her Reason, and the most silent Corners of the Grove, where *Sol* had forbid his Beams to enter, became her darling Walks. Her beloved Musick was forsaken, for the slow Murmurs of the Brooks, which were often supplied by her Tears. --- Companions she'd have none, for even her Lambs were shunn'd. Several Months pass'd she thus, overwhelm'd with Grief, till Time at length asswag'd the Tyrant, and she began again to look *Emelia*; tho' still she maintain'd her Desire of continuing in Solitude; and when the Business of the Day was over, her favourite Grove for some few  
Hours



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Hours receiv'd its welcome Guest; for all Things there look'd gay when she appear'd. -- One Evening, fatal to *Emelia*, as by the Stream she sat, her lovely Head supported by her Hand, and on her Lap an heavenly Moralist, she heard at some small Distance from her a Voice, 'twas soft and complaining; she listen'd more attentively, when the following Words came plainly to her Ear. Ah! whether shall I fly to sooth my Pains! Tell me, ye Gods, for I am sick with Anguish; my wretched Soul faints at the Sight of Day, and yet when Night approaches, the conscious Stars remind me of my Guilt; the pale fac'd Moon, methinks strives to avoid the little Spot, which bears this Lump of Sin, and every Place I enter seems dark, as is my Fate: Ah! Love, why was I born to be a Slave to thee, thou worst of Tyrants? thy best Rewards are Daggers dipt in Poison, to sting the faithful Heart; whilst the deceitful Traitor partakes thy Joys, and wanders safe unpunish'd: Then who wou'd serve thee truly? Ah, said I, who? alas we cannot help it, there's Magick in thy Sway; else why poor broken Heart dost feel those Pangs for cruel false *Philander*? Has not he been a Thief, and robb'd thee of thy only Treasure? Has not he been a Murderer, and kill'd thy Peace? Is he not perjur'd too, for he



## The FAIR MORALIST. 9

he has sworn a thousand thousand Oaths, and broke them all? Yet thou must love him still, and waste thy Days and Nights in fruitless Sighs; silent as Death, forbidden to even whisper out thy Pains, lest greater Ruin fall and crush thee quite, whilst he can smile, and revel in Delight, nor drop one Tear at Thought of thy undoing. I hate thee for thy Meanness, — and yet thou shalt be brave and slight the Conqueror, or I shall tear thee from this wretched Bosom, and bid Defiance both to him and thee? But ah! I faint. Here she stop'd, and by the Lowness of the Voice at these Words, *Emelia* concluded that the Person who utter'd them, must in reality be fainting, and in Distress. She apprehended no Harm from assisting her, since 'twas plain by the Complaint it must be a Woman, and of the tender Sort; therefore pursuing her natural Desire of doing Good, she immediately hasten'd towards the Spot from whence the Voice came; where to her Surprise she found a beautiful young Lady, richly, but negligently dress'd, her Cheeks wet with Tears, her Senses quite lost, and her Head supported by the uncouth Trunk of a useless Tree. *Emelia* then remember'd her Father's Words, Harken not to Love, for Men are Monsters there: Monsters indeed, thought *Emelia*, if they can  
slight

## TO THE FAIR MORALIST.

flight so fair a Form as this. She look'd upon this Passion now much more dangerous than she at first imagin'd it, however, as it was yet a Stranger to her, she fancied herself secure; so with a careful Tendernefs, she rais'd the injur'd Fair-one from the Ground, and with a little Phial of Spirits, which *Emelia* generally carried about her, soon brought her to herself. When the Lady recover'd, she was no less surpris'd to behold so near her a lovely young Shepherdess, one who she fear'd had heard her unhappy Relation; but as *Emelia* was an entire Stranger to her View, she hop'd at least she knew her not: So addressing herself thus, Bright Nymph, said she, my Thanks were far too little for this timely Aid, for I have long labour'd under this Calamity, and been often told that without immediate Relief, these Fits may end in Death; therefore accept a Trifle for your Care, and may you ne'er have Need of such Assistance. Then taking from her Purse a Piece of Gold, which she supposed, by *Emelia's* Habit, wou'd be a welcome Present, she presented it to her as an Acknowledgement of the Kindness she had receiv'd: But *Emelia*, who disdain'd to serve for Gain, modestly refus'd her Offer; Madam, reply'd *Emelia*, I want no Gold, 'twere nobler Pay to know I have done well, than were the Wealth  
of

## THE FAIR MORALIST. II

of *India* to reward me ; my Services are poor, yet they are faithful ; the sordid Slave whose God is in his Pocket, is but officious to increase his Store ; I wou'd do every Good without that View, for I have all I want, nor wish I more. *Melissa* was astonish'd at this unexpected Answer, and look'd upon *Emelia* to be something more than her Dress spoke her for she had never before met with any thing in that Shape, which had refus'd Favours of such a Nature ; and gazing earnestly on *Emelia*, prithee, fair Maid, said she, where do'st thou dwell, at Foot of yonder Hill, reply'd *Emelia*, where if thoud'st waste a tedious Hour away, I'd shew thee Sights, which you perhaps ne'er saw ; Content more safe within them narrow Walls, than in the strongest Palace of 'em all ; plain Honesty fit dress'd in home-spun Gray, and yet look richer than a Birth-night Dutches, when all her Gems are on to grace the Ball ; and Virtue better pleas'd to view her Wheel, than Crowds of Fops expiring at her Feet. — *Melissa* was struck with these last Words, and knew not what to think ; she concluded that *Emelia*'s Flocks had never taught her this, and she believ'd by her majestick Mein, that her Blood was no less noble than her Looks : She was determin'd to be satisfied, and if she found it so, to court her Friendship : And is it possible, said *Melissa*, to see those Rarities ?  
Nothing

## 12 The FAIR MORALIST,

Nothing more easy Madam, answer'd *Emelia*, if you will go with me; no thorny Brake, no Precipice, or Flood, obstructs the Passage to my Habitation; no Walls of Stone secures it from the Foe, for where no Guilt is, nought is to be fear'd; no Bolts, nor Bars, to keep out Thieves by Night; for where no Wealth is we can sleep secure. Then taking *Melissa* by the Hand, she conducted her to the Cottage; *Dorissa* had just ended her daily accustom'd Duty, and neatly plac'd all Things in order for her Mistress's Reception, against whose Return she generally strew'd Roses in the Way, or such odoriferous Flowers as the Seasons produc'd. No sooner had *Melissa* enter'd, but *Emelia* plac'd her at the upper End of a little Table, on which was set a small Repast, with some pleasant Cordials, which *Emelia* had carefully distill'd from the most precious Herbs, and assuring *Melissa* that Health and Welcome were always present at her Board, she perswaded her to regale herself for once in a Cottage. *Melissa* charm'd with this Treatment, partook savourily of *Emelia*'s Fare, and often protest-ed she never before had feasted with such Pleasure. The Hours which she had chid for their Delay, now ran too swiftly on, Darkness at length appear'd, and oblig'd her to take her Leave for that Night, tho' with Regret; begging



begging *Emelia's* Permission to visit her the next Day; this Request was readily granted, for *Emelia* pitied her; and as in the Breast where Pity reigns, Love often enters, being near allied, so was it now, for *Emelia* felt a tender Regard plac'd in hers for *Melissa*, such as had never before possess'd it for any, except her aged Parent. *Melissa* return'd to her Home less discontented than she left it, and judg'd that the Powers in pity of her Woes, had sent this Goddess of Peace to bring her Consolation; she seldom slept, and rising with the Morning, she thought each Moment an Age, until she arriv'd at the Cottage, where she found *Emelia* already rising, for the Lark and she were generally up together; and after wishing a good-morrow to each other, Madam, added *Emelia*, you have now shewn me a Wonder, which I protest I never saw before; a fine Lady ready dress'd, and paying a Visit at this Hour; what bold intruding Thought dare break your Rest, they say nothing but Love keeps Maids awake, I hope you are free from that:—My dearest *Emelia*, said *Melissa* with a Sigh, (for *Emelia* had inform'd her both of her Name and Family) it were in vain to hide what I am but too well assur'd you are no Stranger to, for I know you heard in the Grove that Confession which my boundless Passion urged from me,

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tho' I little knew a Witness was so nigh; however, be assur'd, I apprehend no Injury to proceed from thence, and dare trust you much sooner than myself, for I am lost, and cannot guide my Passions.—Madam, replied *Emelia*, this is more than I deserve; yet since your pleased to deal thus frankly with me, be franker still, and tell me all your Story; for I could wish to know this mighty Riddle; what mortal thing could be of so much Worth, as to deserve the smallest of your Favours, and yet so worthless as to slight you for them. *Melissa* could deny her nothing, and whilst *Dorissa* was preparing for their Morning's Entertainment, she sat herself down by *Emelia*, and thus began.

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### The STORY of *MELISSA* and *PHILANDER*.

ABOUT three Miles from hence, *Emelia*, stands a stately Building, which to be sure you must have seen, tho' your Curiosity perhaps led you to no further Enquiry; there I dwell with my Brother *Theodore*, he is a Youth possess'd of every Qualification that renders

renders Mankind good. My aged Parents being well assur'd of his Virtues, and whose Darling I was, dying about three Years since, left me, and a large Fortune, to his Management, conjuring him, as he hop'd their Blessing to attend him, to be assiduous in his Care and Protection of me, which Desire he faithfully fulfill'd; for his Goodness made up their Loss, and his entire Study was to make me happy in all my Wishes; nor were they ever exorbitant, for his Tenderness had so gained my Affections, that I wish'd or desir'd but to please him; all other Study was to me but as the indifferent Business of my Life, that the peculiar. My Parents had not long been laid in their Graves, when the Fame of this little Beauty, or rather *Emelia*, this large Fortune, reach'd the Ears of the neighbouring Quality; nay, those of several Miles distance, and Numbers of Admirers arriv'd from all Quarters; but never being infected with Vanity, I look'd upon them no otherwise than as my Duty to my Brother oblig'd me, to behave with Complaisance to all who stil'd themselves his Friends or Acquaintance: The indifferent Opinion I had of my own Person, the Love I bore my Brother, and the Manner I treated my Lovers in, assur'd *Theodore* that I should never act in any Shape contrary to his Will, or Ap-  
 C 2 probation;

## 16 The FAIR MORALIST.

probation; therefore he apprehended no Harm could proceed from his Correspondence with so many young Gentlemen as frequently visited us, and tir'd me with their unwelcome Addresses. Amongst the rest was the young and noble *Philander*, whose Father's Honours and Wealth he must consequently possess at the Decease of that worthy Nobleman. My Brother esteem'd him as his Friend, not a Lover, being both educated together, at which time they had contracted an inviolable Friendship. I must confess I took a particular Pleasure in conversing with *Philander*, tho' at first unlike to Love; for he seldom mentioned a Word concerning that Passion; or if he did, it was with so much Indifference, that I could be both free and pleasant in *Philander's* Company, without that Restraint laid on my Words and Actions, which I have often been obliged to have, when with the rest. In short, I had no true Felicity in Conversation when he was absent; if a Subject was handled, I generally sued to him for Approbation, and not without Satisfaction; for he always gave the Verdict on my Side, but so artfully conceal'd his Partiality, that he seem'd to prove his Determination from a disinterested Opinion: The Diversions I most delighted in, were his darling Exercises, which I thought he chose more thro' Inclination than

Com-



## The FAIR MORALIST. 17

Complaifance. When any trivial Difpleafure alter'd the Serenity of my Countenance, his was clouded; and if the Rose look'd faded on my Cheek, his too grew pale. Oh! artful Hypocrite! had only Words *Emelia*, told his Heart, I only had regarded them as Words, Words made of Wind, inconstant as their Parent, no fooner fpoke than vanish'd into Air, that fans the next white Bosom that it meets: 'Twas Looks *Emelia*, Tendernefs and Sighs, Sighs which he often vow'd he could not help, and yet he knew not whence the Cause proceeded; tho' with his Eyes he said they are all for you: If e'er he led me in a rugged Path, his trembling Hand could fcarce conduct me fafe, when e'er I fpoke he answer'd with a Blush, or if by chance I lean'd, (as I have done unthinkingly) upon him, his fainting Soul too weak to bear the Burden, diffolved itfelf into an Extafy; his filenc'd Heart lay motionlefs within, and every Sense feem'd loft as tho' in Death. — Was not this Love in its tranfparent Form? Who'd think Deceit could ever harbour there? and yet it did, and had its with'd Effect; for I grew fond, too fond of my Undoing, and all my Words and Actions were like his; my fymphathifing Soul was fick of Love, and Peace forfook its former happy Dwelling. *Philander* foon perceived the Con-

## 18 The FAIR MORALIST,

quest, and shew'd less desirous of concealing his Passion from me than before ; tho' my Brother was kept an entire Stranger thereto, for Reasons best known to ungrateful *Philander*. *Theodore* perceived me to grow disordered, careless, and far unlike what before I had been ; however, when he solicited to know the Cause, he was easily persuaded to believe it proceeded from some little Indisposition, since Nature is not always in the same Mood. *Philander* too was chose for the Physician, indeed the fittest one ; and when my Brother's Business obliged him to be absent, he would desire *Philander* to supply his Place, and use his utmost Art to drive this melancholy Sickness from me ; one fatal Night, oh ! may it never more be rang'd in the Account of precious Time, my *Theodore* oblig'd to stay from home, had left the false *Philander* to protect me, untrusty Steward ! oh ! violated Friendship ! when all the House was sunk into Repose, save only I, whom Love had kept awake ; *Philander* softly stole to my Apartment, told o'er his Love again by Tears and Sighs, Sighs which were answered : oh ! unguarded Hour ! say feeble Virtue, whither flew thee then ? for sure at Sight of him thou vanish'd ; too plain he found the Weakness of my Sex, so in his Arms with Transport grasp'd his Prize ; and ah ! *Emelia*,  
revel'd

## The FAIR MORALIST. 19

revel'd uncontroul'd: Here Floods of Tears  
confess'd her real Woe; *Emelia* too was al-  
most taught to love;

*Forgot her Morals, sigh'd she knew not why,  
And wept to bear Melissa Company.*

At length, recovering themselves from this  
Trance of Sorrow, And pray, *Melissa*, said  
*Emelia*, was he not true, how did he quit your  
Charms, did he not promise to be ever thine?  
Did he not gratefully reward your Passion; say,  
could he look so sweet, and yet be perjur'd?  
Perhaps you do him wrong? he must be just:  
—Ah! no *Emelia*, hear the wretched Sequel;  
the Morning peep'd, I blush'd to see the Day,  
and wash'd his Bosom with my guilty Tears;  
told him a thousand Times I was undone;  
whilst he as many Times invok'd the Heavens  
to witness for him, how he lov'd *Melissa*; that  
nought but Death should ever tear him from  
me, but he had made a Vow, a solemn Vow,  
he'd never marry whilst his Father liv'd; yet  
sure my Dear, said he, 'tis all the same, thou  
shalt be happy, and I'll still be thine, my  
Heart's too bless'd a Slave to break its Chain,  
and thou *Melissa* shalt reign Empress there;  
then left a thousand thousand tender Kisses,  
Pledges of Love, and hastened from my Arms.  
—But soon, *Emelia*, I perceiv'd the Change,

no

no more he studied to deceive *Melissa*, no more his Eyes told tender Tales of Love ; no more my Touch disorder'd every Sense, and now my Cheeks grow pale and wan for him, his Looks more blooming, his careless Tongue speaks nothing soft to me as once it did, and every Babler that assaults my Ear, tells some new Conquest made by young *Philander*.— My Brother loves him still, and that distracts me, for he knows naught of this, and still I'm doom'd to view this dear Deceiver ; nay, use him kindly too, to blind Suspicion, whilst my Heart bursts with Anguish.— Now guess, *Emelia*, have I Cause to sigh, for I have told thee all my Soul's Afflictions. Call Reason to thy Aid, reply'd *Emelia*, she may do much, and calm this mighty Woe ; for I confess 'tis great. Here she ceas'd, for *Dorissa* had waited some Time for them in the next Apartment. *Melissa* found her Sorrows lighten'd by imparting them, and fail'd not in her frequent Visits to *Emelia* ; and sweet *Emelia* pleas'd with doing good, was never deficient in any thing that might prove her Friendship : Thus were their Souls so sincerely united, that one might say two Women once were true. — It was surprizing to behold how suddenly Joy was re-instated on *Theodore's* Visage, when he found this Change in *Melissa* ; for Pleasantness

now



## The FAIR MORALIST. 21

now began to re-assume its former Dominion, and each new Interview with *Emelia* gave fresh Tincture to the Rose, which had so long been faded on her Cheek; that sweet Vicissitude with which her Eyes so oft had pointed Darts, was now again reviv'd, and every Charm look'd brighter than before. *Philander*, who tho' his Love was cold, cou'd not bear the Dishonour of having a Rival, imagin'd this Change to proceed from some new Conquest she had made, and perswaded *Theodore* that there was some Lover in the Case. *Theodore* was willing to purchase Happiness at any Rate for *Melissa*; and tho' he adher'd to *Philander's* Opinion, rely'd contentedly on her Conduct, which he believ'd incapable of erring: However, he heartily wish'd to know her Mind, and one Morning when *Melissa* was taking Leave, as she generally did ere she pursu'd her Journey towards the Cottage, *Theodore* clasping her affectionately in his Arms, began thus with a Smile; my dearest *Melissa*, were not *Aurora* painted as a Nymph, I shou'd grow, like unhappy *Procreas*, jealous, and envy her the Favours you bestow; so frequent and observantly to add new Beauties to her Meads, and sweeter Odours from thy sweeter Breath; or have I done her Wrong, and some great Deity daily descends to woo  
*Melissa*

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*Melissa* there, and claim her Love; for sure less worthy than a Deity, nothing can be that thou thus deigns to honour: — 'Tis true, my *Theodore*, cry'd *Melissa*, I have had Joys which I've conceal'd from you, there is indeed a Lover in the Grove, and such a one, as my *Theodore* might think deserv'd a Share in *Melissa's* Affections; one who has taught me to be truly happy, shew'd me the Path to everlasting Peace, and banish'd every anxious Care away. — May Angels guard him for so blest'd a Deed: But say *Melissa*, how has your *Theodore* offended, that you conceal this Source of all his Joy; do you imagine I'd e'er deny the Name of Brother to so much Worth; do'st think so meanly of me? If in thy Breast, thou yet retain'st one Grain of true Affection, bring him directly, these Arms shall be ready to embrace his Virtues, and join thy Hands for ever: — But suppose, my *Theodore*, answer'd *Melissa*, that the thing I love shou'd be a Cottager, possess'd of nothing but what plain Nature gives; no Wealth, no Titles, nought but Honesty; no Royal Blood to mix with *Theodore's*, no spacious Train to grace our nuptial Rites, what may the ill-judging World infer from this? Fame's false Reports, answer'd *Theodore*, will have but little Weight with the Wise and Just; for they will still affirm, that  
he

## The FAIR MORALIST. 23

he whose Treasure is in his Mind, is richer than the walking Mine, who carries all his Honours on his Back, and when Fortune is pleas'd to divest him of them, what is he fit for? Nothing but the Scorn of every sporting Boy, who laughing cries, there goes the Fool, that was Fortune's Favourite Yesterday; to Day is more contemptible than the meanest Slave; his Merit dies with his Authority, but Virtue's still the same; no Change can make the virtuous Man despis'd, except by Knaves and Fools: — I have enough to suffice this mortal Being, nor do I value the Extent of narrow-minded Scandal, therefore if thou lov'st thy Brother, think him no Foe to Virtue, but let him see this Youth, and call him Friend, Brother, or any Name that's fittest for such Merit. — *Melissa*, who had said thus much only to try *Theodore*, found him in all Things perfect, and wish'd the Fates had still preserv'd her Honour to bless some Man like him; she thank'd him, and assur'd him that the ensuing Day shou'd satisfy his Wishes, that then he shou'd behold this Youth, whose Presence had render'd the Groves more pleasant than a Court; so with this Promise parted, for her Brother's Importunity had wasted Time, and she fear'd least *Emelia* shou'd think her long or guilty of Neglect: Her greatest Task now  
was

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was to persuade *Emelia* to accompany her the next Day to her House; for she concluded that if she did not by this Means remove *Theodore's* Suspicion, he might judge worse of her Conduct than it really deserv'd: The Opinion she had of *Emelia's* Friendship soon remov'd the Difficulty, and she did not in the least doubt of her complying with this Request; tho' she had lik'd to have fail'd, for *Emelia's*, foreboding Heart felt no Emotions of Joy at the Favours conferr'd upon her, and intreated *Melissa* not to urge her to what she fear'd might be fatal to her Peace, since her Father's last Words commanded her not to venture farther than her present Station into the polite World; *Melissa* not expecting this Answer, told her, that she wou'd conceal her Family; and that she thought *Emelia* might confide so far in her as to believe both herself and her Peace secure in the Path where she was Guide; and added, that she was now convinc'd a Cottage cou'd harbour Insincerity, since the Refusal of what must make her happy, shew'd how little that Effect was wish'd by *Emelia*. *Emelia* cou'd not bear to have her Sincerity suspected, and consented to give Proof of her Affection at the Expence of her Peace, so fix'd the ensuing Day for this reluctant Visit. This Night pass'd far unlike *Emelia's* former Nights, Rest she had none. — I told my Father



ther said she, I'd obey him, yet I have promis'd now to break my Vow, what can I hope from this, but Misery. — What Trains of Horrors have I brought about me? — What Tribes of Spectres have I rais'd to haunt me; — My little Cell no more shall harbour Quietness that blessed Guest, but dreadful Monsters shall appear to fright her, and banish her away; when my poor Soul wou'd lift herself to Heaven, there to converse and learn from thence her Wisdom; hither will Luxury and Ambition come, and Envy too; and Enmity and Strife, Pride and Contempt, with Malice and Hypocrisy, Lust with Revenge, Scandal with Flattery, and thousands more such deadly Banes to Virtue, shall enter then, and pull her down again, read o'er their Laws till Custom has prevail'd, and made her base as they. Oh! fatal Thought, avert it all ye Powers? Let poor *Emelia* die a thousand Deaths, rather than live to be a Thing like these, if 'tisthy Will that I must bear those Evils, make 'em just Heaven but as the truest Mirrour, to shew the Soul's Deformity, and where I see foul Blemishes on theirs, let me examine mine, if there I find the same, then haste to free it from them; so shall those Ills be Instruments of Good, to shew me Errors which perhaps before I knew not that I had: Oh! bounteous Goodness!

all thou do'st is thus; tho' thankless Mortals oft mistake thy Meaning, so will I rest content, and hope the best. — This Thought mitigated her Grief, and the remaining Part of the Night was not so disagreeable as the first: Morning at length appear'd, and *Emelia* dress'd herself to accompany *Melissa*; she put on the plainest of her rural Attire, in order if possible to conceal her Charms, but all in vain; for Beauty was more illustrated in this Garb, no other Gems were there to delude the Gazers from those lovely Eyes, whose Brightness far surpass'd all *India's* meaner Ornaments: Soon as they enter'd the Avenue, which led to the House, they were met by *Theodore* and *Philander*, who with Impatience waited *Melissa's* Return, but was surpriz'd, instead of a Lover to behold a Nymph, and in a rural Habit. Well *Theodore*, cry'd *Melissa* with a Smile, this is the *Jove* descended from above to claim *Melissa's* Heart; and answer'd *Theodore* with an Air of Gallantry, since he's transform'd into so fair a Shape, his Love must meet Success, so welcome *Jove*; then taking *Emelia* by the Hand, he led her to a sumptuous Apartment; several Jokes pass'd concerning this agreeable Cheat, and *Theodore* confess'd he now envy'd his Sister's Happiness; *Emelia*, whose Conversation was as pleasing as her Person, began to be sociable,  
and

and never were three Persons more charm'd  
with a Companion, than they were with her.  
*Philander's* Heart already was inflam'd, his  
Thoughts and Words were fill'd with nothing  
but the lovely *Shepherdes*: — Ah! poor  
*Emelia*! why did'st venture hither? Must  
thou at last be caught in Cupid's Snare, for  
thou hast gaz'd thy little Soul away, and  
burn'd with Passion too for false *Philander*:  
Now thou may'st home, and try if all thy  
Morals can quench this Flame, unhappy lovely  
Maid! Yes she return'd, but with a heavy  
Heart? for none can quell the mysterious Power  
of Love; Virtue and Reason may resist the  
Charmer, but cannot drive the Image from our  
Soul, till like a Vulture, there it gnaws our  
Peace; nay, oft' our Lives away. — Now thou  
may'st ask why thou did'st hear *Melissa*, whose  
Story first describ'd *Philander's* Charms: and  
gave thy Love its Birth; — But then thou say'st  
it shew'd his Falshood too; but what of that,  
Falshood increases Love, and the true Lover  
only is despis'd; those who have felt the Pain  
*Emelia* felt, can only tell how tedious pass'd  
the Hours, or what she said or did. — Drown'd  
in her Tears, and spent with heaving Sighs,  
she thus concludes, I'll never see him more:  
Friendship, I'll die ere violate thy Laws,  
*Melissa* ne'er shall charge me with that Crime;  
and Virtue I'll possess thee, tho' in Death;

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thus neither way *Philander* can be mine; and since 'tis so, I'll never see him more, tho' Absence makes my Grave; thus she resolv'd, but vainly thus resolv'd, *Philander* was too much enamour'd to be sated with a Sight, not all the Chains that Fables tell are made in *Vulcan's* Forge, cou'd hold *Philander* from this new found Darling. Oh! sweet Variety, *Philander's* Heaven? Shall he not still pursue thee, pleasing Joy? Shall he not hazard all to find thee out? Rest then *Emelia* well assur'd of this, *Philander* will not quit the Chace so soon, where Beauty, Youth, and Change directs the Way. — *Melissa* now was woo'd, specious Deceit, for she alone cou'd bring *Emelia* hither; promise but this, and thou shalt be ador'd for some few Moments; fond believing Fool, he can persuade thee thou hast all his Heart, and that he wishes but to see *Emelia* to learn her Morals, and applaud thy Choice in Company. — Oh! Master piece; ah! credulous *Melissa*, how gladly do'st thou seek to be more wretched than thou hast been. She now incessantly importuned *Emelia* to repeat her Visit, but she positively refus'd so to do; tho' the Refusal was to unbind their Friendship, precipitately bound. — She at first invented a thousand trifling Excuses to evade her Importunities, least *Melissa* shou'd

guess



guess the real Cause of her Refusal. At length she had a very sufficient one, for this uneasy Position of Mind drove her into a deep Melancholy, which was attended with a violent Fit of Illness. *Melissa's* Concern for this Disaster soon spoke the Occasion, and *Theodore* and *Philander* were no Strangers to the News of *Emelia's* Indisposition; the Fates seem'd now propitious to *Philander's* Wishes, and *Emelia's* Illness was a Foundation for his hopes to build on. Humanity and Friendship now, all tells *Melissa* he must bear her Company, to cheer this drooping Maid; and if 'tis possible, restore her Health; this soon was granted as a friendly Thought, and they accompany'd *Melissa* to *Emelia's* Cottage; tho' Death had been the welcomer Guest; *Emelia* seem'd thankful, and express'd the most grateful Acknowledgments of their Favours. Not a Day pass'd wherein they gave not fresh Instances of their Affections, or Diligence in the Pursuit of every thing which might either procure her Health or Pleasure. In short, any Person who wish'd for lasting Joys less than *Emelia* did, had been most happy here; at least as happy as a State cou'd make 'em, that promis'd Wealth, Love, Friendship, every Toy that soothes the vain, ambitious, giddy Fancy, and makes Life worth enduring; but these like

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Shadows, vanish ere enjoy'd; and this she knew, so built not here her Hopes: Pomp, Noise, and Show may be the Voice of Death; and *Syrens* sing the sweeter to allure the unwary Traveller to meet his Fate. The brightest Lights appear in darkest Sky, and beauteous Colours paint the poisonous Insect; however, at present, Assistance was timely, and she soon recover'd from this Fever, tho' that in her Mind encreas'd, and as her Strength grew more her Peace grew less; Grief took its Place, and there denied a Vent, like an impetuous Wave, whose Course is stop'd by some obstructing Rock, returns again, and more augments the Flood too great before; but this was fooling with *Philander's* Passion, he wanted to accost the Fair alone; to press her Hand, to swear, sigh, and deceive without a Witness; save the fittest Sort for such black Deeds, Bats, Owls, such midnight Things of dire Portend, who clap their Wings as Tokens of Success, when they behold Hell's Executioners; for our *Philander* always chose those Seasons to make his Conquests in; nor cou'd the Moon behold without a Blush, such sad Designs, but hid her Face behind the darkest Cloud, and wept such Drops, as each were meant a Deluge to wash his Stains away. — Now fraught with every Ill, *Philander* well  
assur'd

assur'd to meet Success, ( for yet he ne'er had  
 fail'd ) flew to the Cottage, and with an artful  
 Tale call'd forth *Dorissa*, told her he must  
 enter, and somewhat of Import communicate,  
 from fair *Melissa* to her Friend *Emelia*; she  
 who was conscious but of Innocence, thought  
 nought of Harm, and with officious Haste  
 open'd the Door, and led him to her Chamber;  
*Emelia* too truly suspecting the Occasion of  
 this unseasonable Visit, ordered *Dorissa* to re-  
 tire; and with a firm Resolution and steady  
 Countenance begun thus, ere he spoke.—Well,  
 my good Lord *Philander*, what woud'st have?  
 Dost come to seek my Life? If so, 'tis thine,  
 for now Life is become a Burden to me, or is  
 there ought within this little Cottage worth  
 thy Demand; if so, 'tis thine again; for like  
 a Child grown tir'd of its Play-things, so grow  
 I tir'd of all worldly Toys;—Or dost thou seek  
 for Refuge from some Ill; if so, thou art wel-  
 come to *Emelia's* Cell, for I would succour all  
 who were distress'd, far as my little Fortune  
 would permit; nay, would intrude on that to  
 serve a Friend;—Or dost thou hope to find  
 some Injurer; if so, believe me, none shall  
 enter here, if known by me to be an Injurer;  
 but much I fear no Views so fair as those, in-  
 duc'd *Philander* to forsake Repose; and thro'  
 this gloomy bleak tempestuous Night hither  
 direct his Way :—Speak then, my Lord, say  
 where-

## 32 The FAIR MORALIST.

wherefore did'st thou come? For I am ready  
 aim'd to hear thy Tale. This was a Turn so  
 unexpected, that tho' *Philander* seldom used  
 to want Words on such Occasions, he was now  
 struck dumb, and remain'd several Moments  
 silent: At length, recovering his wonted Affu-  
 rance, and falling on his Knees, I am sorry  
 Madam, said he, you mistake so much my  
 Meaning; I came not here to seek *Emelia's*  
 Life, but to surrender mine, poor Recompence  
 for bold *Philander's* Fault; nor came I here  
 to take thy little Store, for well thou know'st  
 I do not want for Wealth; nor do I come to  
 screen the guilty Wretch, for young *Philan-*  
*der's* greatest Crime is Love; or did I hope to  
 meet an Injurer, for Angels harbour not with  
 Injurers. — I come to offer Life, Wealth, Love,  
 and Pleasure; all that can charm the aspiring  
 Virgin's Soul, and make her great, spight of  
 pale Envy's Force; instead of Cottages to offer  
 Courts, instead of plain Attire, fair *India's*  
 Gems; instead of lonely Hours, Mirth, Joy,  
 and Happiness; instead of melancholy Nights,  
 a pleasing Consort that shall adore thee as a  
 Deity. — What woud'st thou more my lovely  
 charming Maid? Look these like Injuries?  
 Why then this cold unkind Reception Love?  
 Why those suspicious strange mysterious Words?  
 What have I done for to deserve this Treatment?  
 Or what have I not done to prove my Love?

If



## The FAIR MORALIST. 33

If all the Torments Man can feel on Earth  
speaks, I have loved, those have I felt for thee,  
and more I'll do; for by yond Heaven I swear;  
nay by thy self, more dear to me than Heaven  
I'll here before thee end this wretched Being,  
rip up this Bosom, shew this perjur'd Heart,  
which thou believ'st has meant thee Injury;  
then when you see it bleeding at your Feet,  
perhaps you'll deign to own it once was true;  
so kindly take me with the Train I offer, and  
bid me rise in Hopes to be forgiven, or 'tis de-  
creed thou art *Philander's* Fate:—Then pull-  
ing a Dagger from his Bosom, he presented  
the Point to his Heart, and seem'd to wait as  
for an Answer. Well done *Philander*, well  
may Innocence meet base Betrayers, when vile  
Perjurers can thus deceive, and look so fair as  
thee.---What Maid that lov'd as young *Emelia*  
did, and lov'd a Youth so charming as *Philan-*  
*der*, could see the pointed Dagger at his  
Breast; could hear him tell such dear engaging  
Tales, view him all Charms dissolving at her  
Feet; the Time, the Place, and every thing  
conspiring; no Witness nigh to tell her of her  
Fault; what Maid I say, except the fair *Eme-*  
*lia*, would not have rais'd him with transport-  
ing Joy, would not have melted into soft Desire,  
and given him all a yielding Nymph could  
give.—Exalted Virtue here triumphant reign'd;  
*Emelia's* Soul admits no other Guest, tho'  
every

### 34 The FAIR MORALIST.

every Passion rush'd like Torrents on her, she cou'd defy 'em all possess'd of thee. Her Resolution felt not the least Shock at this Scene ; she knew *Philander* lov'd the Sweets of Life too well to part with 'em so easily, and this she had read was but the common Cant of Lovers ; so turning towards him with a disdainful Smile ; Frown my Lord, said she, you top your Part, but here 'tis all in vain, go ply those Arts to some fond foolish Girl, such as already too severely feels the sad Effects of thy deceitful Passion, for there are many do ; Sure none can say, that he whose Love meant Honour, Truth, or Justice, wou'd shun the Day, and chuse the dismal Night to tell what Heaven might hear, and Earth approve ; but you my Lord, oft' make these Sort of Visits, and yet we hear no Talk of lawful Love. — I know you well, and I despise your Arts, tho' Heaven had form'd you beauteous as itself, thy Charms were lost on me, if to Dishonour ; tho' I am now an humble Cottager, my Dwelling small, my Wealth confin'd to that, and my Apparel suiting my Degree, it was not always so ; I know of Courts and Courtiers Practices, Gold is your King, Ambition is your God ; you serve no other Power, or Deity ; for these you'll fawn where most your Soul abhors, for these you'll pray, for these again blaspheme, swear to this Lord you honour

Church

## The FAIR MORALIST. 35

Church and State, and to his Enemy you hate  
'em both ; for these you'll meanly pimp to please  
your Prince, and for the same again you'll seek  
his Life ; no Courts for me, where Death lies  
hid in Smiles ; no Wealth for me, that can  
produce such Ills ; no gay Attire to charm thy  
hated Sex, whom I wou'd fly as deadly Banes  
to Peace ; no Company my Lord, but what I  
have, for those have Honesty and Innocence ;  
Things which are seldom found in Palaces, yet  
yields more secret Pleasure to the Mind, than  
Crouds of glittering Courtiers in a Ring : What  
may we say o'er some great Lady's Grave ?  
why, there lies she that could command the  
Globe, that held the greatest Monarch in her  
Chains and in her Arms, on all Occasions gave  
the noblest Ball, and made the richest Show at  
Park or Play ; these are her Virtues, these her  
Sounds of Praise, which early vanish with her  
Memory, nay, often scarce outlive her Funeral ;  
the stately Monument, mistaken plac'd, to tell  
her Worth to every passing Fool is but an  
Emblem of her Vanity. When Heaven is  
pleas'd to take this meaner Form, and lay it  
equal with its native Earth, may neither Pomp,  
nor Show, nor stately Monument offend my  
humble Shade ; but let some faithful Friend  
with Heart sincere, fix at my Head a little  
homely Stone, that may in Characters of Truth  
express

### 36 The FAIR MORALIST.

express, this was *Emelia*; and let the Few that knew this same *Emelia*, say there lies she that cou'd despise the Globe, and live contented in a little Cell; that could prefer the charming Sound of Virtue, to a great Monarch's Love whisper'd in Sighs; thought it more Honour to relieve the Needy, than to behold a *Cesar* at her Feast: Which bears the noblest Characters, my Lord, or which in Heaven will hold the longest Date? for there our every Action is inroll'd; nor Time nor Weather can erase that Scroll; by that we're doom'd, or Happiness or Woe, ever to be the same. Then think, O think! how poor a Thing 'twou'd be to rob this Maiden of her mighty All she holds so dear; think on your Blood, your Fame, and vast Estate; loud Honour calls the noble Youth to Arms; go serve your King, go fight in Honour's Cause; seek out some Conquest worthy of thy self, and leave this simple Virgin to her Fate.—*Philander*, who all this Time was fix'd like a Statue motionless, now struck with Wonder, Shame, Confusion, and Remorse, rose from his Knees, and bowing he obey'd, without the least Reply. *Emelia's* Sorrows ended not here, and she concluded that *Philander* meeting this unexpected Repulse, wou'd endeavour thro' Revenge, to compleat his Design by Stratagem, Surprize, or some unavoidable



able Means, for the Principles of this Youth seem'd to *Emelia* to be capable of any Villainy; and tho' her Eyes were charm'd with his lovely Form, her Soul abhor'd his Vices. — In this Perplexity of Mind she knew not how to determine; one while she's arm'd against her precious Life, and in the Agonies of wild Despair, resolves to end that and her Woes together: But then she fears, least Heaven should be offended; but Heaven said she, must know that I am wretched, and can it be a Crime to finish Pain; No, Justice bids me strike, since I myself have brought this Ruin on, 'tis fit I on myself revenge the Injury; — But what am I, that I shou'd seek Revenge? So poor a Thing as I dare seek Revenge, err we not oft' against the mighty Power? do we not injure daily his Commands in Disobedience? yet he still lets us live, still lets us move, seeks no Revenge, but hears us when we sue, and helps us in Distress; puts forth his steady Hand to pull us back from falling into Gulphs of lasting Woe, and lead us to new Paths of Happiness, and all he asks us in Return for this, is but the Joy to see us stray no more; this sure thou knowest, then harbour not a Thought that may offend this Quintessence of Goodness; let not Despair confute thy Principles, Heaven may restore thy Peace ah wretched Maid! yet

E

must

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must thou fly this Dwelling, or hope no more Protection from that Power, for Goodness vanish'd when *Philander* came; if here thou stayest, thou must partake his Vices, thou must conform to that black Demon's Will, must utter Language foreign to thy Heart, must play the Hypocrite with Friendship too, and live a Slave to every lawless Passion, or Persecution haunt thee like a Ghost, in dreadful Forms, speak every Day new Dangers, shew thee in Dreams some cruel midnight Russian, whose meagre Looks and Fingers dy'd in Blood, speaks his sad Message, tells thee thou must die, nor can thy Threats, thy Tears, or Innocence, soften the Slave (enur'd to Cruelties) to give thee even a Moment to repent. — But ah! ye Gods! where can *Emelia* fly? Friends she has none, to succour her Distress, and Strangers shun the wretched; in dreadful Forests, bewilder'd, and alone, may not some Savage Beast greedy of Prey, there seize the trembling Victim? divide these Limbs, drink up the reeking Blood? Oh? agonizing Horror! how bear'st thou this my Soul, will nothing fright thee from this darling Virtue? Why yet thou'r't calm, and thou could'st freely undergo all this, rather than live to dread the Punishment of lasting Shame. — But ah! suppose thou meet'st inhuman Man, less merciful than

than hungry Savages, may he not there revenge *Philander's* Cause, o'er-power thy wearied Frame, reject thy Grief, and take thy Honour and thy Life together; so whilst thou fly'st from Evils here at home, thou meet'st with Plagues abroad. — This Thought was worst of all, and form'd to her Imagination all that Despair or Terror cou'd suggest, At length she resolves to change her Name, Apparel, and endeavour to personate that Sex she so much dreaded; that by this Means she might unobserv'd, and perhaps more safely wander she knew not whither. — In this Chaos of Confusion she remain'd until Morning; when calling *Dorissa* to her, and conjuring her by their past happy Hours, the Favours she had heap'd, and by the love she bore her, to be secret: She unfolded the fatal Truth of her present unhappy State, and withal inform'd her that she must leave her: This was a heart-breaking Tale for *Dorissa*, who liv'd but in her Mistress's Presence; she wrung her Hands, and tore her silken Hair, then curs'd the fatal Hour that gave her Birth, then wish'd the false *Philander* were no more, that Bane of all their Joys! But sure sweet Mistress, said the faithful Maid, I may go with you, I may share your Fortunes, 'twere some Relief to bear thee Company; I us'd to think my Toils were well rewarded, if you but smil'd upon my daily

## 40 The FAIR MORALIST.

Labours, do this then still, I'll ask no other Pay, for this I'll wander with thee any where, content with every Thing but thy Distress; at Noon I'll seek thee out the coolest Shade, at Night the softest Spot to lay thee on; there will I watch thee till the Morning peep, then trudge the Forests with a chearful haste, to find thee somewhat to refresh thee with; I will do every Thing thy Need requires, let me go with thee. The Tenderness and Goodness of this faithful Maid drew Tears of Gratitude from *Emelia*, who assur'd her that she should be glad to embrace this Proffer, and accept of her Services in her Distress, but that it might be much better for 'em both that she remain'd where she was; and still endeavour'd to improve the little All they were possess'd of; which *Emelia* told her she would willingly trust to her Care, until Time or Providence by some Means or other, remov'd the Bar that then bolted out their Peace; and then perhaps, said she, we once may live again. *Dorissa*, whose Conversation with *Emelia* had render'd capable of judging tolerably well, approv'd of this, and consented (tho' reluctantly) to stay behind her. The remaining Part of this Day *Dorissa* was employ'd in getting Apparel for her Mistress; for she intended to set out the next Morning betimes: She purchas'd, at an easy



easy Rate from the next Village, a Dress which she believ'd would suit best the Design; it was a light neat Shepherd's Garment, with Shoes, Hose and every Thing suitable; and fitted as exact, as tho' the artful Buyer had long been skill'd in this Trade. — *Melissa*, according to Custom, came that Day to visit *Emelia*, who she found in all Appearance, as compos'd and serene, as if her Soul had been one Harmony of Peace: Thus was this poor Lady forc'd to make a Virtue of a Vice, and practice that Deceit she so abhorr'd. — This Day they discours'd on indifferent Subjects, the Evening drawing nigh, *Melissa* rose to be gone; tho' as if some divine Impulse had told her of *Emelia*'s intended Departure, she seem'd less willing to leave her now, than she had ever been. — At length taking her by the Hand, and gazing wishfully upon her, with Looks, which to *Emelia* seem'd prophetic, dearest *Emelia* said she, may all the Blessings Heaven can send attend thee, till again we meet: *Emelia* conscious of her Design, and dubious of the Event, bid her in Smiles adieu, whilst her Heart swell'd with anguish, for Friendship ne'er created Love more true, than that which form'd *Melissa*'s Image first, and plac'd it next her Soul. *Melissa* departed, and *Emelia* retir'd for some Time to give a loose to Sorrow,

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and indulge that Weakness she cou'd not banish from her. She had not been long in her Chamber, when *Dorissa* perceiving by her Countenance, the Agitations of her Mind, thus shock'd by different Passions, interrupted her, and assuming a Sort of awkward Mirth, see here Madam, said she, *producing the Equipment she had bought*, here's Geer for Ladies; by my honest Faith 'twill be the rarest Show to see thee dress'd; thy pretty Lambs which now obey thy Call, will know thee not in these, but frighted gaze, as they have done when they beheld a Stranger, so unfrequented are our little Penns, by ought but us. *Emelia* lik'd prodigiously *Dorissa's* Choice in the Dress, and ordering her to prepare some Supper, she sat herself down, and strove to be compos'd; she eat but little, and hasten'd to Repose, that she might the better be able the next Day to pursue her Journey towards any Way that first presented itself; for as yet she knew of none particular, whither to direct her wandering Steps. *Dorissa* (whose Concern for her dear Mistress's Affliction, join'd to the Apprehension of her own Loss, and lonely Situation in this unfortunate Separation from the best of Mistresses and Friends, we may truly judge kept her from resting that Night,) rose before Day, and according to *Emelia's* Order,  
awaken'd

awaken'd her from a profound Sleep, for the unhappy Situation her Mind had long been in, had at length wearied out her Faculties, and lull'd 'em to Repose. — It wou'd have been a diverting Scene for any Person who had no Share in their Misfortunes, to have beheld how unhandily she began to dress, for this was Work she little understood; however between 'em both, she at length appear'd a compleat Youth, her pretty Locks hung down in Ringlets to her slender Waste, nor did young *Paris* when he gave the Prize, look half so lovely in his rural Garb, as this bright Saint. The little Hoard which she had long preserv'd, least Want or Sickness shou'd require Support, she now admits again to see the Day, and travel with her; a small Phial she also prepar'd, fill'd with a wholesome Cordial, least her Spirits, weaken'd by her Journey, shou'd grow faint, and want Relief. Those with a few Cakes, and a Staff, or Crook to lean on, was all her Store or Baggage. — Now having nothing more to do, but to take Leave of her long lov'd happy Dwelling, her faithful Servant, and her favourite Flock; she betook her to a Hill, which stood in the Midst of the Meadows she most delighted in, and casting her Eyes around, farewell, cry'd she, *Emelia's* darling Walks; -- farewell ye beauteous Flowers, which

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which bloom'd so fresh, as thou wert proud to deck *Emelia's* Plains; — farewell thou pleasant Spring and purling Stream, by whose sweet Side *Emelia* often sat, whilst her dear Innocents, her harmless Lambs in Gambols frolick'd round her on the Grass. — Here reign'd she Queen without the Cares of State; her Crown of Flowers sat easy on her Brow, her Subjects cheerfully obey'd her Law, and she was great without Ambition's Curse. — Farewel ye shady Trees, whose Branches.— oft' methought have spread at an uncommon Rate, whilst they conceal'd *Emelia* underneath, from the Sun's scorching Heat, or Winter's Wind; — A long Farewel, for I perhaps no more may be so bless'd; no more shall smile, whilst from my liberal Hand my Flocks receive their welcome Nourishment; — no more shall tune my Lute to Sounds of Joy; no more shall sing to them their Maker's Praise, whilst they attentive seem'd as pleas'd to hear. — And fare thee well, thou faithfullest of Servants, pray for thy Mistress's Safety and Return; perhaps some pitying Power who knows thy Truth, will for thy Sake avert *Emelia's* Ill. — Be gentle o'er her Flock, be careful of them, and let not Absence change thy honest Mind, for well I know our Sex are prone to change; be still the same, be faithful to thy Trust, and Heaven will



will graciously reward thy Goodness: If I no more return, my All is thine, thou best deserving of *Emelia's* All. 'Twere past the Power of Tongue to express the Agony this poor Wench was in, what fair *Emelia* felt, if possible, was doubled here; and her dejected Looks was too convincing a Proof of her Sincerity to leave Room for Suspicion. So embracing her affectionately, *Emelia* departed, desiring her to deliver that Day the following Letter to *Melissa*, but withal to be secret as to every other Circumstance not therein inserted.

To my dear Friend *MELISSA*.

Madam,

**Y**OU will perhaps be surpris'd to find that the Bonds of Friendship has had so little Influence over *Emelia*, as to permit her to inform you, that I fear we met last Night to part for ever, for Reasons too great even for that secret Tie, to force me to reveal; yet believe me, the Love I bore *Melissa* was not the least Occasion of my determining as I have done, never to return to my Habitation more, except some strange Event as yet unknown shou'd work a Miracle to bring me back. I have bequeath'd my small Effects to *Dorissa*, who is as great a Stranger to the Cause of my Departure, as to the Knowledge of that distant Shore, that may hereafter give

*Emelia*

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*Emelia being; if you'd be happy, wish to know no more, than that I am still your Friend, tho' the unfortunate*

EMELIA.

We shall in a proper Place insert what happen'd here in *Emelia's* Absence, and only now pursue her on her Journey: The Reader may conclude she took but little Pleasure in surveying the Prospects, or Beauties of the Countries, for she made such good Use of her Time, that by the Evening she travell'd near 20 Miles from her own Habitation; at length being heartily tir'd, and faint for want of Support, she began to think it high Time to provide some Sort of Lodging for that Night; and spying at the Descent of a Hill, a forlorn Mansion, whose Sign gave her Reason to believe it was a Place of Entertainment for Travellers, she makes the best of her Way thither, nor was she mistaken, for as soon as she enter'd, she was met by a jolly elderly Dame, whose ruby Physiognomy gave plain Demonstrations of her Familiarity with the Brandy Bottle, with the Smile of an Hypocrite, and Cant of a Bawd, dropping a low Courtsey, she desir'd the supposed Youth to walk in; and be seated; then asking what he wou'd be pleas'd to have, I wou'd have nothing to thy Injury good  
Mistress

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Mistress, said *Emelia*, but I would purchase some Refreshment of thee, and Lodging for this Night, if thou hast that, or chusest to admit a Stranger here; a Lodging thou shalt have and welcome, tho' I were forc'd to be thy Bedfellow, my pretty Youth, said the old Beldam then chucking her under the Chin, she took to her Heels, as tho' she had heard the Cry of Fire, and immediately bringing in a Bottle of Wine, and pouring out a Glass full, she drank to the young Man's good Repose; a mighty kind sort of a Gentlewoman indeed thought *Emelia*, my Purse will soon want Supply, if I meet with many such; but she was now in a strange Place, and must be content; so thanking the Hostess for her good Will, she pledg'd her. To make short of my Story, at the Landlady's Request she supp'd with the Family. which consisted of a Landlord. the old Woman, and a pretty innocent looking young Wench, which was the Beldam's Daughter by a former Husband. One might suppose by the manner this Maiden was educated in, and by the Looks of the Dam which gave her Birth, that her Soul must be a stranger to the softer Passions of her Sex; and yet that little Urchin, who makes no Distinctions, but as the Song says, *Shoots at the Peasant as well as the Beau*, was busy here. *Emelia's*  
Beauty

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Beauty had burnt up the grosser Particles of her Breeding, and the purer Composition now began to appear; not a Court Lady of 'em all breath'd Sighs more tender, or darted keener Lightning from her Eyes; the damask Rose look'd faded to her Blush, a purer Dye o'er spread her comely Cheek, unlike the ruddy Tincture, which before had settled there; her Voice grew soft, her Eyes were languishing, and every Sense in Concert seem'd to join Love's pleasing Harmony. — But these were lost, not being understood, or if they were, no Recompence was there, to gratify a longing Maid's Desire: *Emelia's* Thoughts were otherwise employ'd, so much, she ne'er perceiv'd the Nymphs Confusion, or this perhaps had forc'd a merry Smile, and drove for some small Time dull Care away, During Supper Time the old Devil entertain'd her, with an Account of several Robberies which had happen'd on that Road for some Time past, and how dangerous it was to travel alone; especially if the Persons had any Charge of Money or Things of Value about 'em; and how cam'st thou, my pretty Lad, said she, to travel thus alone? Money thou hast no doubt, perhaps to pay for those whose Flocks thou art intrusted with. *Emelia*, who little mistrusted her Heart, told them her Name was *Vileria*, (which was the

Name



## The FAIR MORALIST. 49

Name of one of *Doriffa's* Brothers,) and that she was not then belonging to any Family, for she had quitted her Master to Travel to see some Relations, which liv'd far down the Country; that she had a small Sum of Money with her to bear her Charges; and that she believ'd none wou'd be so cruel as to deprive her of that, or do her Injury; since added she, the Life of a trifling Boy wou'd but augment their Crimes, and not encrease their Store; and what I have, wou'd scarce procure one Feast to feed voluptuous Gluttony, so hope myself secure. — I hope thou art, my Chick said she, so changing the Discourse, and *Emelia* complaining of being tir'd, they conducted her to a Bed. Being very well pleas'd with her Lodging, the Room, Bed, and every Thing tolerably neat, she bid them a good Night, and fastening the Door, hasten'd to repose: She had not been long in Bed, when she heard the Noise of several Horses in the Yard before the House, and a confus'd Sort of Whispering amongst some People; but as it was an Inn, and likely to be Travellers like herself, which were benighted, she gave herself no farther Trouble about them, but soon fell into a sound Sleep; here slept she some Hours, when in the Dead of the Night she thought she felt something stir her, and heard a Voice cry, wake

*Vileria*, wake thou lovely Youth, or thou art doom'd to sleep to wake no more : She believ'd it at first to be a Dream, and the Product of a disturb'd Mind, but coming a little more to herself she look'd up, when to her Surprise she beheld some-body at her Bedside, she was about to scream out, when the Person begg'd she wou'd be silent and rise : At length looking earnestly, she perceiv'd it to be the young Maid she saw at Supper, and enquiring how she came there, the Door being lock'd, she answer'd, no Locks cou'd keep out Love, that brought me here to save *Vileria's* Life, that gave me Wings, and I can fly with him ; O ! gentle Youth, forgive a tender Maid, nought but thy Safety cou'd have made me own how much my Soul is wedded to thy Beauty ; I saw thee, I ador'd, and sought thy Safety : If these are Crimes, forgive me pitying Heaven, for I must still offend and tell *Vileria*, if here thou stay'st, thy Life will end with mine, for I must be no more when thou art so ; these Parents, or these Devils which I serve are Robbers, Murderers, are every Thing that's wicked, base, inhuman, and abandon'd. Long has my Soul abhorr'd their Practises. and bled to see the injur'd Innocents fall Victims to their Prey, but knew no means to free it from their Hell, till Love inspir'd the Thought, and gave me Courage ;

with

with thee I'll fly, and plunder both these Friends, no harm to take from them what is not theirs; we in some distant Place may safe reside; nor will they dare to seek us, least their Lives shou'd justly pay the Debt they long have ow'd; reward but this with Love, and I am bless'd; then pulling the Hangings aside, she shew'd a Door which enter'd the Chamber, also a Trap, which she lifted up, and discover'd the Remains of several murder'd Persons, which had been strip'd, and thrown there: This was a Scene of Horror for *Emelia's* tender Sight; and hardly being able, with the Fright, to speak, she trembling thank'd the Maid for her Goodness, but represented to her the Danger they might be in, if found together, which possibly they might be, ere they had got far enough to be secure; but withal assur'd her, that this Generosity and Goodness had made her so dear to her, that she would ever love and adore the Preserver of her Life, and would contrive in a very little Time to safely free her from the Tyrants Clutches. And as a Proof of her Affection, *Emelia* presented her with a little Ring, which she was used to wear, and which was dearer to the Girl than Diamonds to the Miser: She in Return gave *Emelia* one of much more Value; the Spoil of some poor Wretch, who there perhaps had lost that and

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his Life together. She also furnish'd her suppos'd Lover with several Pieces of Gold, which she said he might have Occasion for in the Pursuit of his Design. Then conducting her safely thro' the House, and over the adjacent Meadows, after a thousand Embraces and Promises of Truth, she left the poor disconsolate *Emelia* in the lonesome Fields, to bewail her forlorn State. The dead Time of the Night, the Paths unknown, and the Terror she was struck with at the Sight she had seen, all combin'd to terrify her almost to death: She flew from every Bush, as from some Murderer; each Breath of Wind she thought some Combination against her Life; the Shadows of the Trees were dreadful Spectres, the Ghosts perhaps thought she of those poor Souls I saw lay murder'd there? O! that I could revenge thy Injuries, but I am helpless, and as lost as thee: The Fright had almost turn'd her Brain, when to her great Joy she perceiv'd approaching near her a Lad, whose sweet Countenance and tender Years spoke nought but Innocence. — This Glimpse of Comfort gave her some Courage, and enquiring of the Lad how far to the next Town; he with an obliging Voice and courteous Bow, profer'd his Service to conduct her thither, for the Way said he is dangerous for Strangers, and I have long inhabited those

Parts.



## The FAIR MORALIST. 53

Parts. This was a Happiness she little expected, and promising to reward him for his Trouble, they cheerfully march'd on together; it was Moon-light, so that she could plainly discern the Countries as they pass'd, and the Boy endeavour'd to entertain her with the Names, Fortunes, and Dispositions of the Inhabitants, whose Seats they perceiv'd at some Distance from them. — Yonder, said he, dwells a Lord, whose large Possessions scarce has any End, and yet he's poor, would not one think it strange? the Famish'd there go hungry away; the Thirsty dry; nor can his narrow Soul afford to pay the Labourer his Hire, but carefully himself his Lands prepares, attends his Ploughs and slaves to get his Bread: And on that other Side lives one whose Fate has made as poor as is the other's Heart, and yet he's great amidst his Poverty; his Feasts consisting of his homely Fare, are free to all; and not a King that reigns o'er *Asia's* Wide, could better wield a Scepter than himself. In yonder Valley dwells Divinity, who tells ye fasting is the Way to Heaven, and yet so boundless is his Gluttony, his Parishioners with meagre Looks appear, whilst his huge Tun a moving Mountain seems; tells ye Adultery is a crying Sin, yet half the Brats in Town might call him Sire. There lives a Man, who marry'd 'cause he loved, and

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ever since has hated 'cause he's marry'd. By yonder Meadow's Side thou see'st a House, there dwells a Lawyer of an honest Fame, who many Years had had a Suit in Hand, spent all his wretched Client's dear bought Wealth, then found that he was poor, and drop'd the Cause. Do'st thou not see yon stately Building there? there dwells a Usurer, who has damn'd his Soul by hoarding Riches at the Poor's Expence; yet will he rail at needy Wretchedness, and talk of Titles, Equipage, and Courts, as tho' himself had been of *Cæsar's* Race. The next to that abides a worthy Knight, in whose Creation bounteous Nature gave but every Charm that might inspire Delight, and melt the coldest Nymph to soft Desire; yet his good Lady, in his Footman's Arms, is now a planting Horns upon his Brow. Many such Things as these could I relate, but that the Day said he, begins to break, and I must now obey my Master's Law, whose Goodness claims Subservance to his Will, and renders all his Servants truly bless'd.—*Emelia*, who was amaz'd, and yet charm'd to hear a Boy so young talk so profoundly, was about to ask him where was his 'Abode, or who this so very kind Master was, when on a sudden she heard him say, 'Towards yonder Town, *Emelia*, haste thy Way, preserve thy Virtue still, and fear no Harm;

Harm; him whom thou serv'st so just will be thy Guide, farewell.—She was astonish'd to think how the Boy came to know her Name, and turning hastily to look on him, she to her great Surprise saw nothing but a clear bright Light, which wasted slowly o'er the Meadows, and disappear'd.—If *Emelia* had matter of Wonder and Surprise before, now was she overstor'd; this was an Incident so strange, that all others were now forgot, and this alone fill'd every Cranny of her Mind. A while she stop'd, and fix'd towards Heaven her Eyes, nor was it Fear, but Joy that fill'd her Soul; preserve thy Virtue still, was it not so? And so *Emelia* shall; then may she hope thou'lt keep thy honest Word, and guard her still from harm. That Night she pitch'd her Tent at an honest old Country Vicar's, where she was entertain'd as Fables say, the Gods were by the Country Pair. The good old Man, who degenerated from the rest of his Fraternity, was almost worn out in the diligent Attendance on his Duty, and took a Pleasure in doing Acts of Hospitality; the Dame who was several Years younger than her Lord, and tolerable likely, was free, affable, and good-natur'd; but as Nature has generally some Frailty, and her Husband's Age denying him the Power of gratifying her youthful Inclinations, she like

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a true Woman, sought other Means; and frequently corresponded with a neighbouring Squire, who had insinuated himself into the old Gentleman's good Graces, by frequent Acts of Generosity; their Conditions were much on a Parr, for his avaricious Parents had coupled him to a decrepit feeble old Wretch, who had no Charm but a swinging Bag of Deities, which she all her Life had worshipped, till the second Dotage allured her to bestow them on a vigorous young Bedfellow, who knew their right Use, and took Care they should no longer remain idle. The old Man was prodigiously pleased with *Vileria*, and understanding that he would be glad of a peaceful honest Livelihood, seemed very desirous of serving him; nor did the Woman express less good Will on this Occasion; she looked upon him to be an innocent, diligent, honest Youth, and therefore the fittest Lackey for her Squire, who then was in great need of such a one. She communicated this to her Husband, who well approved the Thought, and rising early in the Morning, he bedizen'd himself in his Holy-day Band and Gown, to conduct *Vileria* to the Squire, who needed no other Recommendation than his Neighbour's good Opinion, and readily received him into his Service.—The Shepherd's Garment now was thrown aside, and he

was



was dress'd in Green with Lace of Gold, Linnen of Lawn, and every thing compleat. How sweet it is to be the thing admired for Virtue, Honesty, for every Charm; so was *Vileria*, all adored this Youth; no more his Master's Lackey, but his Friend, Companion, Confident, nay, Counsellor; so young, so wise, was the Discourse of all who heard him nam'd: The Nymphs with Love, the Swains with Envy burn'd; he led the Dance, he bid the fairest Guests, he sung the softest Notes, he tun'd the Strings, when Love and Sweetness were to be the Sounds. The Nymphs confess'd him Monarch of the Plains, *Vileria's* Name was carv'd on every Tree; the sweetest Flowers were pluck'd to deck his Breast, the finest Garlands were bestowed on him; thus each her Fellow striving to outvie in Kindnesses; whilst the deserving, well-beseeming Youth repaid 'em all alike in Courtesy; none could her Sister's Happiness proclaim, nor none could say *Vileria* was unkind; for her who sung, he Sonnets would indite; for her who play'd he prick'd the newest Changes, for who lov'd the Dance he chose a Ball; for her who manlier Pastimes did pursue, he train'd the Hawk; he strung the fair one's Bow; and for the Nymph whose Dress was her Delight, he fancy'd where to place the richest Plumes. Thus did the Youth  
 behave

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behave thro' every Scene, delighting still to please, and be admir'd.—Our good Vicar was not a little charm'd with *Vileria's* Success, since recommended by him; and we may justly Judge that grateful *Vileria* let slip no Opportunity [that offer'd, to make the good Couple Amends for the Kindness they had done him. Few Days pass'd wherein he was not employ'd in carrying Messages, or Presents from his Master, which were generally doubled by the thankful Youth, and delivered with so many Acknowledgments, and in so obliging and charming a Manner, as render'd the Sight of the Giver much dearer, and more acceptable than the Gift. He was an utter Stranger to the Amour between his Master and this friendly Dame, who he look'd upon now as a Mother, and a sincere Friend; and concluded that this Generosity of the 'Squire's proceeded from a just Esteem for the good Man's Virtues, till one Night his Master, having had Intelligence that the old Man was gone some Miles distant to visit a sick Relation, and that it was impossible he could return before Morning; he takes *Vileria* to accompany him, and hastens to revel uncontroul'd in the Arms of his beloved Charmer, who was always ready at such Opportunities to embrace her wishing Lover: They say stolen Joys are sweet, and as we take  
the

the greatest Pleasure in what is most denied us, so did this Pair; for they no sooner met but embrac'd, no sooner embrac'd, but the glowing Passion too violent for Delay, demanded greater Proofs of its Force, and the amorous Couple hastened to fill with Dishonour that Bed where lawful Endearments only were design'd, or ought to enter.—They had not long been clasp'd in the Folds of Love, when the old Man, whose Infirmary obliged him to return, ere he had half reach'd his Journey's End, knock'd aloud at the Door: *Vileria* who was in the Kitchen, and too truly fear'd what was doing above, was no less surpriz'd than they; his Heart bled for his Benefactor, yet he dreaded the Consequence of the Discovery, since he concluded that the Knowledge of the Theft might be more fatal to the good Man's Peace, than the Loss, if never known: However, not being able to determine what could be done, he pretended to be asleep, and left them to contrive themselves how to come off, which he doubted not but they would do, since a vicious Woman's Invention is never at a Loss for Contrivance or Excuse, nor was he deceiv'd, for the Woman run immediately down in her Gown loosely slipp'd on, and opening the Door; O! my dear, said she, are ye come, for Heavens Sake make no Noise, but enter softly

## 60 The FAIR MORALIST,

softly in, who think you's in your Bed? The Squire's Niece, who fifty Miles has come to see her Uncle; and she, poor Soul, almost fatigu'd to death, was taken ill ere she had reach'd the House; and he good Man, who always honours us, knowing our Care, and our Affection for him, has sent her here, till she recovers Strength, that we with wholesome Herbs, and holy Prayer, may seek the Means for to restore her Health: Alas! poor Lady, said the good old Man, thy Uncle's not mistaken in our Love, for if the Drops that feed this aged Heart could be of Moment to thy Health or Safety, as free as e'er they flow'd from Vein to Vein, when warm'd by youthful Strength and manly Vigour, so free this Moment should they fill thy Cup, if with the Gift I purchas'd Peace for him: Then desiring his Wife to bring his Book and Spectacles, he hastens towards the Chamber, in order to read the Prayers for the Sick, over the Lady in Bed, who list'ning to the Discourse, immediately slipt on a Pair of Pinnars that was pinn'd to the Curtain, and with a Puritan Countenance lay still. The Woman intreated her Husband to desist, swearing he shou'd not enter, for that the Gentlewoman was just then in a Doze, and that it might frighten her to Death, to see his Dress and Book at that dead Season approach her



## The FAIR MORALIST. 61

her Chamber like a frightful Vision. I care not what thou say'st good Wife, said he, suppose she dies before Tomorrow's Dawn, how shall I answer for my foul Neglect? What shall I say to him who knows all Truth? I cannot lye, or swear I was not here; I cannot say I knew not of her Illness; a fine Excuse to make the Judge of Judges, she was asleep, so shall I sleep for that. No, good my Dame, tho' well I know thy Care, I knew thou wou'd'st not have her Peace disturb'd; thou but consults her mortal Moments here, but there are greater Cares with me in Charge; her Soul is not asleep, 'tis that I pray for; so get thee hence, for I'm resolv'd to do my Duty sure, so shall I hope my Pay from him who ne'er forgets the faithful Servant. Then pushing his Wife aside, and calling *Vileria* to follow him, he enters the Chamber. *Vileria*, whose Soul felt the severest Shock at the Thought of this double Villany, and ungrateful Imposition, cou'd notwithstanding scarce help smiling at the Oddness of this Scene: However, his Terror which soon return'd, and shew'd itself thro' his Visage, was readily taken by the deceiv'd Vicar for Grief, who much applauded his good Nature and Fidelity; and assur'd him nothing shou'd be wanting to mitigate the Sorrow which he believ'd all the Family felt on this Occasion? the Wife soon follow'd 'em in, trembling

G

with

with the Book in her Hand, but told him that she had had a great Misfortune happen'd that Day; for the wicked Cat, unmindful of the Respect due to that sacred Book, had thrown it off the Window, and with the Fall, broke the so long valued Spectacles, for she resolv'd he shou'd then have no other Prospectives than Nature had given him, which were now grown so dim, he cou'd scarce discern any Thing; however, he had not serv'd so long an Apprenticeship in the Study of his Duty, but he cou'd readily perform his present Task without the help of a Book; therefore admonishing his Wife, and desiring her not to let such Trifles as those disturb her Quiet, he repeated the Prayers proper for the Occasion, and commending the Lady ( who all this Time he believ'd to be asleep ) to his Wife's Care, he hasten'd to his next Neighbour's, to pass the remaining Part of the Night, and left the Couple more freely to indulge their lawless Passion, and laugh at the Credulity of the poor deceiv'd honest Country Vicar. Soon as the Morning peep'd they departed, and no doubt but the Woman found proper Excuses to make her Husband, for the sudden Departure of her new Guests. *Vileria* indeed departed, but not as usual, for these Sort of Visits were far from being agreeable to his honest Mind; he grew dull and perplex'd, declin'd his former Officioufness in serving that Pair,

## The FAIR MORALIST. 63

Pair, invented a thousand Excuses to keep him from carrying frequent Messages, as formerly he had done; insomuch, that his Master soon perceiv'd the utter Abhorrence he had for Crimes of this Nature. The Duty which before he took Delight in performing, he now makes a Slavery, as believing it a Fault to serve one, who he look'd upon as an entire Foe to Virtue, a Practicer of Ingratitude, Deceit, Adultry, and in short, every Thing contrary to the Principles, with which his innocent Soul thought that Man to be endow'd. This was soon perceiv'd, and our beloved Page was no longer confided in, our Master cou'd now make his Visits alone, cou'd seem displeas'd at what he before applauded; and (perhaps too conscious of his Guilt) shunn'd every thing that introduc'd an Interview with that once lov'd favourite Youth; yet chose not to dismiss him, least Revenge, join'd to a natural Detestation of Vice, might persuade the Lad to expose his Failings; for tho' he was guilty of this Fault, he was esteem'd in the Country as a Gentleman who liv'd up to the strictest Rules of Honour and Justice. We may easily conclude what follow'd from the changing the Scene, for poor *Vilera's* little imperfect Happiness was now all vanish'd; no more with Joy he fills the listning Throng, no more he run'd the happy Damsels

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Lyre, but all alone in penfive Silence fat, call'd  
back old Time, and meditates on Fate, then  
follows the old Wizard to his Period; at  
length finds nothing in this Maze of Life, but  
one uncertain, superstitious Dream; scarce  
worth remembring, little worth his Care; this  
Thought alone the Sum of all his Blifs, that  
he at length muſt wake, perhaps to Peace: O!  
wretched State! unhappy mortal Man! how  
proudly doſt thou lord it over all, yet art thy-  
ſelf more abjeſt than thy Slaves? Miſtaken  
Empire; 'tis thy Wretchedneſs ſecures thy  
Freedom, and proclaims thy Safety; the very  
Herd, which with a Look thou aw'ſt, diſ-  
dains Contention with ſo mean a Foe, elſe  
wou'd they ſhew how poor a Thing thou art;  
how much ſuperior they in Happineſs; for  
they can love, enjoy, and ſtill go on, nor  
mourn the ſad Effects of ſated Paſſion, nor  
dread the Clamours of the cenſuring World;  
can view Ambition ſoaring to the Skies, nor  
form a Wiſh to be that buſy Thing that looks  
ſo great. The chiefſt Bleſſings they in Life  
enjoy, to Life's laſt Period know they nought  
of Change, in ſeeking nothing, ſure of finding  
all; whiſt thy whole Life is one continued  
Chace, Ambition ſets thee on to hunt for Joys,  
which farther fly as ſwifter you purſue; o'er  
Seas of Dangers, Gulphs of black Deſpair  
o'er,



## The FAIR MORALIST. 65

o're Rocks of batter'd Hopes, and Lands of Tortures, to Rest a Stranger, Peace an Enemy, still on thou jog'st to find this mighty Nothing ; Or if by chance thou grasp the glittering Toy, ere thou can'st gaze upon it, call it thine, or press the darling Treasure to thy Bosom, 'tis fled 'tis gone, 'tis vanish'd, unenjoy'd, and thou remain'st the same unhappy Thing, certain of nothing but Uncertainty : Thus did the heavenly Charmer sweetly reason, who knew full well the Date of mortal Joys, so sought 'em not ; However, Reflection begat Melancholy, and neglecting his former Amusements, he continu'd more at Home than before he had been wont to do ; this was attended with a new Evil, and the Father of Mischief, whose peculiar Study is to torment the Minds of the Virtuous, had now most dexterously put it into the Head of the old Beldam his Mistress, to fall violently in Love with the young Page ; she let slip no Opportunity to inform him of her Passion, as also the Advantage that might be made by it : She assur'd him that until she beheld his Charms, her Heart was an intire Stranger to the tender Passion, and that since he was the only Person, who in the World cou'd make her happy, so he was the only Person that she shou'd bestow her greatest Favours upon. Your Master, added she, but ill rewards,

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## 66 The FAIR MORALLIST.

rewards me for that plentiful Fortune I have endow'd him with; but as little as he thinks of the Matter, I have more to bestow upon Occasion, and I dare engage, my pretty *Vileria* will not be ungrateful. Then pulling forth a Purse of Gold, and with an amorous Leer embracing the charming Page, cry'd, this and much more is thine, I'll make thee rich in Means, as thou'rt in Beauty, and all the lonely Nights that I have pass'd, shall be made up in one dear Hour with thee. Had our *Vileria* been indeed a Man, a serving Man, who wou'd do ought for Gain, this meagre Wretch, this Sink of Infamy, this only Name of Woman, rather Witch, had damp'd his Courage, chill'd his vital Blood, and made him fly even all attracting Gold: Then how much more must one by Virtue fir'd, of softest Mold, to Avarice a Stranger, abhor, detest, and loath this hated Monster. Cold as the Winter's Ice in Northern Climes, *Vileria* was to all her mimic Passion; so with a Look that shew'd his just Aversion, broke from her Arms, and bid her keep her Gold till she shou'd find some Monster like herself, and there bestow it; then fled her Sight, and wept to think that Man was here outdone in every Wickedness. — The disappointed old Gentlewoman resolv'd now to pursue a nobler Passion, Revenge, and fail'd  
not

not daily to procure new matter for Complaint: In short she was never easy but when she was breeding Mischief and Quarrels between *Vileria* and his Master, who was become already no Friend to the nice Virtue of the honest Youth, and if he chose not to dismiss him, was not at all displeas'd at his Wife's Antipathy, tho' he little imagin'd from whence it proceeded. In this Situation *Vileria* found there was no Continuance for him, for he had but ill been used to be treated with Indifference, from even the most Savage; therefore wholly now employ'd his perplex'd Thoughts in what was next to be done, or whither the kind Fates wou'd direct his wandering Spirits, thither to rest in Peace.

Thus a while we'll leave our beauteous Martyr, and return to *Philander* and *Melissa*, whose Surprise and Consternation was scarce to be conceiv'd, when they were assur'd of *Emelia*'s Departure, and her Resolution never to return again: This was so strange a Riddle to *Melissa*, that she conjectur'd a thousand Reasons, yet cou'd find none important enough for so precipitated a Resolution; she was amaz'd, and knew not what to think; she at first imagin'd her Friend's Illness had turn'd her Brain, and that a Fit of Madness had sent her she knew not whither, else what cou'd be the Cause, unfortunate *Emelia*! — what Evils had she sustain'd,

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tain'd, what Injuries suffer'd, since she alone,  
 was all her Company: At length reading over  
 the Letter again, and pausing on the Words,  
*if you'd be happy wish to know no more*: This  
 rous'd her Thoughts, and her Mind began to  
 misgive her; she found a Meaning in them  
 Words, which before her hasty Surprise had  
 overlook'd; and she did not a little suspect  
*Philander* as the Instrument of this unlucky  
 Change, for she knew *Emelia* had Charms  
 capable of captivating a Youth less amorous  
 than *Philander*. She also knew *Emelia's*  
 Principles were founded upon Virtue, and his  
 Terms were always opposite to those Princi-  
 ples; besides, she had inform'd her well of his  
 Perfidy, therefore doubted not but some Assault  
 of this Nature, had forc'd the before happy  
*Emelia* to the Necessity of wandering from her  
 darling, peaceful Abode. If you'd be happy,  
 wish to know no more! what more ye Gods!  
 can make *Melissa* wretched, and not the Work  
 of vile inhuman Man? Then curs'd *Philander*,  
 thou must be the Rock that thus have spilt my  
 future happy Hopes; art thou not yet content,  
 perfidious Monster! hast thou not glutted thy  
 insatiate Soul? Take then my Life! since thou  
 hast took my Peace! but that were Mercy,  
 that thou can'st not shew? Oh, how she rav'd,  
 and curs'd herself, her Fate, and her unkind  
 Undoer,



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Undoer. On the other hand, *Philander*, whose Soul had ne'er as yet felt a Remote, or tender Thought, beyond what was kindled and extinguish'd both by the same Object, now began to feel a Something inspir'd by the un-paralell'd Virtue of the divine Charmer: He found 'twas Love, but far unlike to every former Passion; he saw all Heaven in Glory in her Mind, ten thousand Prayers he sent to fetch her back, ten thousand Angels he invoc'd to guard her; and wish'd the Gods wou'd send this heavenly Maid to crown his future Days with lasting Peace: Before, Possession was his only Aim, and he esteem'd the fickle Fair no longer than she had Charms enough to please Desire; for that he fought, and seldom fail'd Success; so lov'd, dislik'd, and left as Fancy led; but now a nobler Flame possess'd his Breast, he wish'd not for Enjoyment on such Terms, Virtue had tam'd the Savage in his Nature, and made his Soul as calm as listning Angels, so great a Charm has Virtue. O! what a Jewel has *Philander* lost, till now he never knew the Price of Beauty? A Face, a Shape, with Gold he oft' has purchas'd; but here a Mind disdains so mean a Price, whole Ages of eternal Adoration, paid by a Heart wherein no Guile is harbour'd, but honest Truth and plain Sincerity, for nothing less can  
gain

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gain this mighty Treasure: He looks upon himself now as the most worthless of his Sex, in having been the Occasion, (as he doubted not but he was) of her Flight? Ah! cruel Wretch, said he, and cou'd she venture all for Virtue's Sake, and woud'st thou rob her of that only Blessing, which if thou'd'st gain'd, had but avail'd thee this, to've heap'd new Torments on thy guilty Conscience. But Reflection comes too late, and he has nothing to do now but employ his Thoughts to find her, and bring her back, by acknowledging his Fault, and proffering honourable Love; tho' he fear'd her Friendship for *Melissa* wou'd scarce let her accept that: However, he resolv'd to try, and left no Search or Enquiry unmade for that Purpose; and finding all in vain, he began to look upon *Melissa* as his most direful Enemy, for acquainting *Emelia* (as he believ'd she did) of his Perfidy; which he suppos'd might be the Occasion of the indifferent Treatment he had met with: He loaths her now, because she yielded easily, and charm'd him not with that Virtue he finds so amiable in *Emelia*: Shame, Grief, and Love, reigns absolute over him; he becomes sullen, ill-natur'd, and peevish, every thing near him is displeasing; he endeavours no more Conquests, and shuns his most intimate Companions, even

*Theodore*

*Theodore* who was his darling Friend, he now hates with a mortal Hatred, for being Brother to that unfortunate Lady, whose Ruin was compleated by his Seducements; insomuch, that happ'ning one Evening to be in Company where *Theodore* was oblig'd to make a Party as well as himself; and some Jokes passing concerning the sudden change of Temper in *Philander*, *Philander* grew enrag'd, and impatient, and being loth to encounter the whole Assembly, which he knew wou'd be too powerful for him, he singled *Theodore* out as a Mark for his Malice, and began to treat him in a manner far unlike what the Merit of that young Gentleman claim'd; at length he grows more insupportable, and upbraids him with the Infamy of his Sister; nor did he conceal the minuteft Circumftance of that unhappy Affair, but with a malicious Pleasure, expos'd the Lady's Failings to the amaz'd Company, who had always beheld her as a Pattern of Virtue. *Theodore* being a Man of Spirit and Courage, was too greatly alarm'd at fo home a Blow, to fit tamely ftill, and intreated his Friends not too diffwade him from defending his Honour with his Sword, fince he found it was fo nearly concern'd; they affur'd him they wou'd not, and he immediately drew on *Philander*; *Philander* grown desperate, and fet-

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## 72 THE FAIR MORALIST.

ting but little Value on his Life, was far from being idle, and play'd his Part so well, that he soon laid *Theadore* breathless at his Feet, to the Grief of all who were present. Some who were no Enemies to *Philander*, perswaded him to fly, and conceal himself, until he found how this Matter might be taken by the Duke, and the rest of the Country, who ador'd *Theadore* for his Virtues; accordingly he did, uninterrupted. — The unfortunate young Gentleman was carefully convey'd to his House, where finding he had Life in him, several able Surgeons were sent for; they all agreed in believing his Wounds to be mortal; however, nothing was omitted that cou'd be endeavour'd for his Recovery. As ill News generally flies swiftest, it was not long before the Occasion of this unhappy Quarrel reach'd the Ears of *Melissa*, and plung'd her into a Gulph of Misery; the Apprehension of losing so dear a Friend, and Brother, also of her Fame and Honour being irretrievably blasted by an ungrateful perfidious Lover; and in short, every thing combin'd to afflict her to so great a degree, that she was immediately seiz'd with a violent Fever, and in three Days time expir'd. She was privately interr'd, attended only by her Woman *Selena*, and a few of her faithful Domesticks, least a publick Ceremony shou'd augment



## The FAIR MORALIST. 73

augment the Pains of the already too greatly afflicted *Theodore*.

This Adventure made such a Noise in the Country, that not a Creature but was acquainted with every Circumstance; and the Duke was hourly importun'd by Numbers of *Theodore's* Friends, to bring his Son to Justice; for the dishonourable Cause of this fatal Disaster, made *Philander* seem more despicable in the Eyes of the People, than did the unlucky Event; and they were determin'd, if possible, not to let him escape Punishment: He assur'd 'em with Tears in his Eyes, that he had so great an Abhorrence to Crimes so infamous and unworthy, that tho' *Philander* had been the darling Prop of his Age, he shou'd take the most direct Measures he possibly cou'd to find him out; and if *Philander* dy'd, so far from screening his Guilt, or making Use of his Authority or Interest in procuring his Pardon he wou'd himself be the first who shou'd endeavour to have him prosecuted with the utmost Rigour of the Law: Accordingly he issued out Proclamations, with an extravagant Reward for the taking of *Philander*: *Philander* soon heard this News, and being loth to trust his Acquaintance with the Disposal of his Carcase, when so powerful an Enemy pleaded against him, as a Purse of Five thousand Pounds,

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he disguises himself in a very mean Habit, and resolves to travel to some distant Part of the Country, where tho' perhaps they might have heard of the Proclamation, and Reward, might be so great Strangers to his Person, as not to be able to distinguish him in that Garb from the meanest of their Peasants; for tho' *Philiander* wanted neither Resolution nor Bravery before, the Sense of his Guilt, with the Dread of an ignominious Death, had so damp'd his Courage, and demean'd his Nobleness of Spirit, that he now seeks for Life on any Terms. — He had not travel'd long thus, before the Fates (which if we please, we may suppose were accountable for all his Actions) directed him to that Part of the Country where poor *Emelia* sigh'd her melancholy Hours away, and being almost spent with the unusual Fatigue of travelling on Foot, and the Want of that nice Entertainment, and soft Repose he had hitherto enjoy'd; he seated himself under a shady Thicket, and in a desponding manner resolv'd to finish there that Life, which he at length foresees is incapable of undergoing the Hardships it has already but tasted, yet finds so very terrible: He was now some distance from his Enemies, and the immediate Surprise, and fear of Danger being over, he begins to look back upon his former happy State, calls to  
Mind

## The FAIR MORALIST. 75

Mind the ill Use he had made of it, and believes this a Judgment from the Gods, to punish him for his mispent Time and vile Perfidies. *Melissa's* Ghost in dreadful Forms now haunts his guilty Conscience ; *Emelia* too perhaps may be no more, in some wild Desert may have met her Fate, and he the Cause of all ; with this Train of Vices at his Heels, he deems himself unfit to breathe the wholesome Air, and in a confus'd Transport of Grief, or rather Despair, snatching from under his Disguise, his too well disciplin'd Sword, he threw himself on the Point thereof ; and tho' he did not his Business effectually, lay some Hours motionless, and almost breathless ; being weaken'd by his Fatigues, and the prodigious Quantity of Blood which issued from the Wound he had made. Whether led by Chance, or Instinct, we know not ; but it so happen'd, that that Evening our young *Vileria* being in a melancholy Mood, took his Evening's Walk towards the very Thicket where lay the bleeding Lover, and finding (as he thought) a young Countryman in this deplorable Condition, and supposing the Deed to have been done by Robbers, he examin'd the Body, which he found warm, as it had still some Dregs of Life left ; and gazing on the Face, to consider which of the neighbouring Swains this shou'd be, he

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found (tho' pale and wan it then appear'd) the Image had been too deeply imprinted on his Heart, to know it for any other than *Philander's*. He had heard some Gentlemen at his Master's mention the Duel between *Philander* and *Theadore*, but knew not the Occasion thereof; he therefore made no doubt but that *Philander* had travell'd thus in Disguise to escape the Hand of Justice. Love, Pity, and Resentment, now strives eagerly which shall take Possession of her Heart; the God pleads strongly on *Philander's* Side, and Love and Pity united, gains an entire Victory, notwithstanding all the Efforts and Oppositions of the Enemy. They had no sooner enter'd, when Sighs began to rise, and Showers of Tears fell down her lovely Cheeks: Swift as ill-judging Fame, she flies to the Village, and brings to his Assistance some of the Cottagers, with whom she had contracted an Intimacy, and inform'd 'em that it was her Brother whom she had found thus; and, as she believ'd, was coming to see her, when by the Way, some cruel Assassins, with an Intent to rob him of the little Matter he had about him, had given him this Wound; whereupon he was instantly carried to the House of a worthy Villager, where, on *Vileria's* Account, neither Trouble nor Expence was wanting to restore his fleeting  
Spirits;



## The FAIR MORALIST. 77

Spirits; nor was the constant *Vileria* idle on this Occasion, for he forsook all other Engagements to attend on the much lov'd Fugitive, and (as represented) the Nearness of the Relation, and sad Accident, pleaded sufficient Excuse with his Master for his Deficiency in his Business: In a little Time he perfectly recover'd his Senses, and was inform'd by *Vileria* how he found him, and the manner of his being brought thither; as also that thro' a natural Tenderness of Heart, he had acquainted the People that it was his Brother, to make 'em the more assiduous in their Care. *Phlander* was astonish'd at the Goodness of this Stranger Youth, and fancy'd that the Gods having still some Regard to his Safety, had inspir'd the friendly Boy with these good Qualities: He thank'd him a thousand Times, and imprinting Kisses on his Cheeks, call'd him his Guardian Angel, his Preserver; and invoc'd the Powers to witness, that if ever Fortune turn'd again her Wheel, the greatest Favours she bestow'd on him, *Vileria* shou'd command. Love in Disguise play'd here a subtle Game, and whilst he thought 'twas Friendship he admir'd, Love unperceiv'd reign'd mighty in his Heart, danc'd in his Eyes, set Bounds upon his Actions, play'd round his Mouth; and all he talk'd was

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Love. He almost forgot his Misfortunes, and entirely devoted himself to the agreeable Conversation of his new Friend; this Tranquility of Mind did not a little contribute to his Recovery; so that in about the Space of a Month his Wounds were heal'd, and he hourly recover'd new Strength and Spirits: Tho' he was now able to appear abroad, he chose not to make Visits, least by Chance he shou'd encounter some of his old Acquaintance; therefore when he had an Hour to spare from Conversation more agreeable, he spent it in Cards, or such like Amusements, in the Company of his good-natur'd Landlord and his Spouse; being thus engag'd one Evening, there happen'd to be present a young Kinsman, which was newly arriv'd from that Spot where lay all *Philander's* Hopes and Fears; who, upon their enquiring what News was stirring in them Parts, told 'em that the greatest News there at present, was that concerning the Duel which happen'd between the Lord *Philander* and his Friend; they begg'd him to relate the Circumstances of that Affair, which he did as near as possible; he also told 'em that the Lord *Philander* was fled, and that notwithstanding the diligent Search which had been made after him, and the extravagant Rewards which was offer'd for the taking of him, they

cou'd

cou'd find none who were able to give either Tale or Tidings of that young Nobleman. He assur'd 'em withal, that *Theodore* was since recover'd of his Wounds, and in perfect Health, and that the old Duke being infirm, and overmuch oppress'd with Grief, on account of the Conduct of his darling Heir, had been seiz'd with a violent Fit of Illness, and in Spite of all his Riches and Physicians, grim Death had in Favour of *Philander*, taken to himself the old Man, and left him by Right of Inheritance, true Owner of both the Title and Estate; and that now all the People thereabouts were seeking as diligently after him, to exalt him to Honours, as they were before to exalt him on a Gallows. Thus you may see, added he, that great Folks have their Ups and Downs in this Life as well as we; tho' *Philander* was pleas'd that *Theodore* was recover'd, he cou'd not refrain shedding Tears at the News of his Father's Death; and retiring to his Chamber, he acquainted his belov'd Companion (of what he before but too well knew) that he was that same Lord *Philander*; and that since the Friendship he had shewn him, had render'd him so dear in his Affections, that he wou'd refuse the Possession of his Estate on any other Terms, than to have him share his Fortunes: If he wou'd consent to accompany him so to do, he

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he wou'd instantly write to his Steward for a Supply of Money, and fet out immediately; which accordingly (on *Vileria's* Promise) he did, amply rewarding all those who had given him any Assistance in that Time of his Adversity. They had no sooner heard where he was, and sent him sufficient Sums of Money, but Numbers of the Country Folks and Gentry fet forwards to meet him; and those very Wretches who were the most eager in their Assertions against him, were the first who made the greatest Proffers of their Friendships. 'Twere needless to repeat the Congratulations, Compliments, or Visits he had made him on his Return, we need only say, that *Philander* receiv'd 'em all as became a Gentleman of his Education; and tho' Deceit shew'd itself thro' the Disguise many put on, he seem'd to know it not; and thro' the Admonitions of his young Counsellor, was become from the greatest Libertine, the most prudent Philosopher. He was solicited daily to marry, and *Philander* paid Visits, and gave Balls accordingly, as not avers'd to such Proposals: This extremely shagreen'd *Vileria*; he concluded that tho' *Vileria* was esteem'd, *Emelia* was forgot; and she knew her own Heart too well to promise it any Repose after *Philander* was married; Love was become too covetous to be content with a  
single



single Share, and she thought nothing less than the intire Whole sufficient to repay all the Sorrows she had felt on *Philander's* Account. She had not as yet an Opinion good enough of his Constancy to discover herself, and yet her Metamorphose was grown so irksome, that she resolves by some means or other to end it, tho' with it her Life. Of all the Passions she ever yet felt, she finds Jealousy (that Rancour of the Soul) the most potent and insupportable, nay, capable of driving her to any Extream; and, spite of all her boasted Resolution, oft' drown'd in Floods of Tears, she wish'd herself no more: Thus overcharg'd with Grief was she one Evening, when *Philander*, who return'd home sooner than expected, finding her lovely Cheeks blister'd with the briny Shower, and her heavenly Eyes scarce able to behold him, desir'd tenderly to know the Cause; made fresh Assurances of his Esteem, and left no Doubt unclear'd that might convince *Vileria* how fair a Path he trod to Happiness, to which *Vileria* only sigh'd and smil'd: At length finding *Philander's* Importunities increase, and not intending to reveal the real Cause, she resolves thus to try his Heart; and tells him, that tho' he thank'd him for the Goodness he express'd, it was not in the Power of Wealth to mitigate his Afflictions; for that the only

Motive

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Motive which drew him thither, was the Hopes of seeing a darling Sister which he knew resided in those Parts; and that he was since inform'd, that on account of some Misfortune which had befallen her, she had been oblig'd to quite her little Abode, to wander friendless thro' the uncharitable World; perhaps to hungry Savages a Prey, or more inhuman Man; then sigh'd and wept a-new. *Philander's* Conscience soon suggested to him who this Sister should be; and if he reprov'd himself before for having been the Cause of her Misfortunes, what must he do now, when he finds her Sister to that Youth to whom he owes his Life: Shame oblig'd him to remain some Time silent, fixing his Eyes towards the Earth; at length recovering himself, and falling on his Knees, Behold, said he, much lov'd and injur'd Youth, behold the Monster who has wrong'd *Emelia*; 'twas I that forc'd her from her bless'd Abode; 'twas I occasion'd all she now may suffer; and did the Gods, to make my Crime the greater, ordain that you shou'd be my kind Preserver! I might have seen her Beauties in thy Face, and known thee by that soft, that sweet Resemblance; then have denied thy Aid, and sunk deserving beneath the Load of Pains I then endur'd. No Wealth indeed can mitigate thy Sorrows, yet will I sooth  
them

## The FAIR MORALIST. 83

them with a just Revenge, and Pilgrim-like  
I'll travel thro' the Earth, till I have found  
this injur'd fair one out; then if Repentance  
can my Pardon claim, I'll make her Queen of  
all my Wealth and Wishes; the Sun shall not  
be more ador'd than she; her Virtue shall  
protect where e'er we tread, and be our Shield,  
if we shou'd meet a Foe: With that we can  
illumine the darkest Path, nor fear to travel safe  
with such a Guide; but if the Fates deny me  
so much Bliss, here in the Presence of the Gods  
I swear, no other Female e'er shall share my  
Heart, my Vows, or Wealth; but all my fu-  
ture Life shall be retir'd as Hermits from the  
World; nor will I think, or gaze on Wo-  
man's Charms; *Emelia's* Virtue shall be all  
my Theme:

*Of that I'll sing, inspir'd by that I'll pray,  
And when the Grave demands this Lump of  
Clay;*

*My latest Breath shall still her Worth proclaim,  
And every dying Sigh shall waft her Name.*

This he utter'd with such Vehemency and  
Transport, that being quite overcome, he faint-  
ed on the Floor. *Vileria* soon administer'd  
his friendly Aid, and conducted him to Re-  
pose, where he left the charming Convert, and  
hasten'd

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hasten'd to his own Apartment, to consult his auspicious Stars concerning what Method he shou'd take to reveal the so long kept Secret ; for *Philander* had shewn here so true a Sign of Repentance and Sincerity, that she no longer doubted of his being a true Convert to Virtue ; nor did she in the least apprehend any Danger of a Change ; she thought on many different Ways ; at length, after some Pause, she resolves on this ; not a Moment will she lose in Delay, but immediately posts to her faithful Servant *Dorissa*, and procures from her a Dress, such as she formerly us'd to wear, and also a little Instrument of Musick on which she oft' had play'd the sweetest Strains. These she conveys unperceiv'd to her Chamber, and rising early in the Morning, dress'd herself in the most agreeable, tho' plain manner, she possibly cou'd.—There was a Walk at the farther End of a spacious Garden, to which *Philander* constantly every Morning repair'd, either for the Benefit of the Air, or the Retirement. On one Side stood a small Row of spreading Trees, thro' which you might perceive those who enter'd the Walk, without being discover'd by any. Behind those Trees *Emelia* conceal'd herself, to wait *Philander's* coming, according to his wonted Use ; she had not staid long there before she saw him approach



## The FAIR MORALIST. 85

approach in a melancholy Posture, his Arms folded a-cross, and his Eyes cast downwards ; thus he continu'd until he got to the End of the Walk ; then seating himself on a Camomile Bank, leaning his Head on his Hand, seem'd as if considering on some very weighty Affair, and now and then wou'd sigh as tho' his Heart was breaking ; these were fresh Signs of Repentance ; and *Emelia* began now almost to think her Sufferings well repaid : Soon as she saw him thus fix'd, she began to play on her Musick, singing the following Lines compos'd by herself, and set to a soft melancholy Tune.

### S O N G.

*B*E calm ye Winds, forbear to blow,  
 And hear a wretched Maid complain,  
 Be still ye Torrents, cease to flow,  
 Or in slow Murmurs lull my Pain ;  
 Sad Eccho lend thy mournful Aid,  
 Whilst I like thee my Woes declare,  
 Assist a poor unhappy Maid,  
 Like thee abandon'd to Despair.

*Ah ! wonder not ye silver Brooks,  
 If I with Tears thy Streams supply,*

I

*Who*

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*Who on the false Philander looks,  
Must love, must weep, despair and dye:  
Nor think it strange if on my Face,  
The Roses Bloom no more is spread,  
Since he, inhuman, stole my Peace,  
The Lillies die, the Roses fade.*

*Ab! cruel Man, how poor a Fame  
'Twere to undo a helpless Maid,  
Yet to my humble Cell ye came,  
My peaceful Blessings to invade,  
And banish'd thence the happiest she  
That ever trod the flow'ry Plain,  
Abandon'd now to Misery,  
Her only Joy's to sigh her Pain.*

*The lonesome Hills I wander'd o'er,  
Can witness how unkind you've been,  
The Hardships which (inur'd) I bore,  
Or my sad panting Heart within,  
To Savages a willing Prey,  
My Wretchedness alone my Guide,  
Yet you less merciful than they  
Pursu'd the Victim they denied.*

*My Sex too chang'd, to serve on Fools,  
As tho' I hop'd to fly from Fate,  
To gaze on Vice, applaud its Rules,  
And seem the Thing which most I hate:*

*All*

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*All this has been, nor once complain'd  
The poor Emelia of her Lot,  
Almighty Love her Breast inflam'd,  
And all thy Failings were forgot.*

*She saw thee bleeding on the Ground,  
And generous Pity fill'd her Heart,  
She calm'd thy Sorrows, heal'd thy Wound,  
And did each Benefit impart,  
Thy heavy Time she chac'd away,  
Thy black Despair she gilded o'er,  
'Till Fortune's Sun shin'd forth thy Day,  
And made thee happy as before.*

*Thus she rewarded all her Wrongs,  
Yet still Emelia sighs in vain,  
Nor one kind Hour to her belongs,  
Nor one kind Hope to sooth her Pain,  
Whilst you a Stranger to her Woes,  
The poor Unknown regardless sees,  
On some more blest'd, your Love bestows;  
When shall a wretched Maid have Ease?*

*Philander* heard all this distinctly, yet was some Time ere he cou'd believe it any otherwise than the dreaming Product of his lethargick Brain, which was then heavily entertain'd with the same melancholy Subject. At best, he concludes it to be some airy Delusion,  
sent

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sent to awaken his sleepy Conscience, and upbraid him with the Sufferings of the then lost *Emelia*; However, resolving to be satisfied, if possible, he started up, and flew to the Spot, where sat the lovely *Emelia* to wait the Crisis of her Fortune, who he took to be the Phantom which so lately utter'd the Words he had heard.—A while he gaz'd like a wild Lunatick on the much-lov'd Form, seeming divided between Hope and Fear; at length, cry'd he, (as tho' rous'd from an Abyss of Thought) what looks so sweet can ne'er be injurious; so opening his Arms to embrace the beauteous Shadow, he to his Surprise, found 'em fill'd with a soft Composure of pure Flesh and Blood; a lovely, blushing, tender, blooming Maid, fit to give Life to what dull Grief had kill'd, the charming Source of every living Joy. No Tongue can tell the Transports of his Soul, not even his own, for that wants Power of Speech, nor can it utter ought but sweet *Emelia*. Joy, Love, and Rapture, weaken'd every Sense; his trembling Limbs alone had Power of Office, and them, (tho' feebly,) bore the wish'd for Prize to the fair Mansion, where each look'd gay, as tho' they long'd to bid new Welcomes to the Bride. The tender Imaginations of the gentle Reader can only describe what pass'd between those



## The FAIR MORALIST. 89

two Lovers in this Interview, especially when they had given fresh Assurances of each others Sincerity : Tears of Joy flow'd in abundance, what can *Philander* do to recompence *Vileria* and *Emelia* both in one ; his kind Preserver, and his constant Mistress : The only Way he can shew the Desire he has of making her happy, is the speedy Execution thereof ; therefore he immediately gives Orders for celebrating their Nuptials ; all his Friends were instantly sent for to be present on the Occasion, and share the Joy which visibly appear'd throughout the whole Family ; for *Emelia* had behav'd in so sweet a manner in her present as well as former Station, that all deem'd themselves entirely bless'd in having such a Patroness to govern 'em. *Philander's* Acquaintance were surpriz'd when they heard of this sudden Change, and wonder'd who the Lady could be that had so powerfully captivated the roving *Philander* ; but when they knew their Story, how did they applaud his Choice, and commend the Virtue, Prudence, and Fidelity of the charming Conqueror.—In short Hymen waited to join their Hearts, and the Priest their Hands, when *Emelia* was inform'd that *Dorissa* had some immediate Business to impart, who gave her a Letter she had receiv'd that Day from a Stranger, with a Command to de-

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liver it with all possible Expedition ; *Emelia* open'd and read as follows ;

**O**H ! charming *Emelia*, thou whose Prudence and Virtue has so justly obtain'd the Happiness you now possess ; permit the sincerest of thy Friends to add one Blessing to the blest'd ; for sure if *Melissa* mistakes not thy Goodness, she fancies 'twill augment thy Joys to know she lives, and lives to wish thee happy ; the rest of my Story is too trifling, and thy Time too precious ; therefore I shall only add, that I am now hast'ning to the Convent of St. B——, there to pass the Remainder of my unfortunate Days in Prayers and Wishes for thy Safety ; adieu for ever.

MELISSA.

This was a severe Trial of Friendship, and the glittering Scene which lay before *Emelia*, was sufficient to have dissolv'd the strongest Tie in any Breast but hers ; and do'st thou live, *Melissa*, said the beauteous Girl, whilst the Letters seem'd eras'd by the sudden Shower which trickled down the Paper. Ah ! no, poor injur'd fair one, *Philander* can't be mine if thou art living, Love may do much, but Friendship shall do Wonders ; Friendship the nobler Passion of the Mind, born with the Soul, must

## The FAIR MORALIST. 91

must still with that survive, when Love, the silly Baby of the Fancy, can be no more. She esteems it now an Injury done to Justice, to harbour the least Hope of possessing *Philander*; and tho' she lov'd him to the utmost Degree of Tenderness, resolves to cherish no longer a Flame, which she finds must prove fatal to that Integrity she has hitherto so well preserv'd. Scarce had she thus resolv'd, when *Philander's* faithful Advocate the God of Love, appear'd before her in every pleasing Form, told her what she had suffer'd for *Philander*; that she alone could boast the justest Claim to all the Joys he shar'd; laugh'd at the silly Things which she call'd Honour, and bid her slight them all for mightier Love. Then Friendship interpos'd, and chid the Boy; *Melissa* too has suffer'd for *Philander*, much more in each Degree; is not her Claim by every Tie the greater; was not her Honour sacrific'd to Love: *Emelia* may be bless'd without *Philander*, *Melissa* must be wretched; Her Honour ne'er again can be retriev'd, *Emelia's* Sufferings may; but what's *Melissa's* Honour to *Emelia*; yes, she was once her Friend, and gloried in that Name; and shall she leave her now to every Woe, and triumph in that Happiness which should be her's: No, that were Cruelty, and fair  
*Emelia*

*Emelia* knows not to be cruel; Friendship and Honour, must the Ascendant gain; a nobler Conquest than *Philander's* Heart; therefore, in spite of all the rising Contests, she determines to seek *Melissa*; and if possible, restore her to those Joys she had so undesignedly almost depriv'd her of: So return'd to the expecting Company with a Countenance much disturb'd, which she said was occasion'd by an Account she had receiv'd of the sudden Illness of a particular near Relation, that her Presence was requir'd immediately; therefore she must intreat *Philander* and his Friends (since Decency requir'd it) to defer the Wedding, and dispense with her Absence for a few Days. This Request seem'd too reasonable to be refus'd by so complaisant a Lover as *Philander*; therefore he consented, begging to accompany her to her afflicted Relations; but she refus'd the Honour he design'd her, and quitting hastily the confus'd Company (which seem'd to sympathize in her Misfortune) she once more privately puts on her old travelling Attire, and posts on Horseback towards a Town, a few Miles Distance from that Village, where she purpos'd providing her a Guide, and other Necessaries proper for her intended Journey. The Host of the Inn where she put up, being a facetious honest-looking sort of a Man, she engages



gages him to see every thing carefully provided, and to hire a Guide to be ready against Morning, to conduct her safe to the Convent: He promis'd faithfully to obey the Command, and withal inform'd her that he had then in the House a young Gentleman, for whom he had just before undertaken the same Task; that the Gentleman being a Stranger, he believ'd wou'd be glad of Company; That if he might advise as a Friend, he would persuade them to agree and travel together, which might (as he said) prove more agreeable, and less expensive, the one Guide being sufficient to conduct them both. *Emelia* was prodigiously pleas'd with the kind Landlord's friendly Contrivance, and desir'd the Gentleman might be introduc'd, who accordingly appear'd, but with so soft an Air, and such a lovely Countenance, that *Emelia* was some Moments ere she cou'd recover from her Surprise to salute the charming Stranger; tho' Mankind had long become familiar to her Sight, she began to fancy she had never till now beheld the Beauties of that Sex: The Stranger seem'd no less taken with his new intended Companion, and as the Night declin'd, their Conversation improv'd, till at length that grew as lovely as their unparallel'd Persons. The Gentleman in an engaging, free, and unde-

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designing manner, began to entertain *Emelia* with the Story of his Life ; and told her, that this Journey to the Convent was occasion'd by a Lady for whom he had long sigh'd in vain ; for that she had resign'd her Heart to a young Nobleman, who set so little Store by the Jewel, that he had ungenerously blasted her Fame, wounded her Brother, and heap'd innumerable Distresses on the unhappy fair one ; that he was inform'd that she was now retiring to this Convent, and that since no Misfortune could banish her from his Heart, he had resolv'd at all Events to follow, and (if possible) persuade her to return and meet a Refuge in his honest Love.

This Story was too plain to leave *Emelia* any room to question whether or no this fair one was *Melissa* ; how did this Generosity charm our just *Emelia*, and how did she condemn *Melissa* for her ill-plac'd Love : *Philander* now no longer look'd charming in her Eyes ; and she judges *Melissa* in the mid'st of her fancy'd Distresses the happier of the two. Being a little discompos'd at the Oddness of this strange, before unknown Story, she propos'd retiring to her Bedchamber, the more freely to indulge the Thought, and consider who most deserv'd the Lady, *Philander* or  
this

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this Gentleman; but the other unwilling to part so soon, begg'd his Companion might be his Bedfellow; for that he had not as yet half related the *Adventures* of his Love. *Emelia* evading the Request with some trifling Excuse, was about to depart, when the Gentleman seizing her Hand, and gazing earnestly on her Face, thus answer'd the Denial; And can no Spark of Friendship yet remaining, no soft Emotion kindling in thy Soul, no tender Instinct tell thee who I am? Wear'st thou this Image so slightly in thy Mind, that poor Disguise can guard it from thy Senses? No Dress, no Artifice conceals *Emelia*, I know her thro' 'em all, I wear her Image perfect in my Soul, and in my Eyes.---O tell me, Love, can'st thou describe this Interview? She holds her dear *Melissa* to her Bosom, and makes a solemn Vow to Heaven, that nought but that shou'd ever part 'em more; that young *Emelia* ne'er should wed *Philander*; that *Melissa* should return; and if they found him not a true Convert to Justice, they'd both together sweetly share their Fortunes, and in the Convent seek their Joys above. *Melissa* knew full well the Sacredness of *Emelia's* Vows; therefore endeavour'd not to persuade her to revoke them, which Endeavour she was sensible wou'd be but vain; so instead of pursuing  
their

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their intended Journey, they the next Morning return'd home together. *Emelia* left *Melissa* at *Dorissa's* Cottage, and hasten'd to the Palace where *Philander* with Impatience waited the Return of his beauteous Bride : But how unlike was this to every former Meeting : *Emelia's* Coldness soon told *Philander* that some new Uneasiness grew busy in her Heart. She desir'd him plainly to forbid the noisy Ceremonies, which she said but augmented the Remorse and Trouble with which she was already seiz'd ; for that since her Departure, being more at Leisure to reflect on her present State, she had found herself, instead of the happiest of Creatures, to be the farthest from that Title ; and running headlong into the Height of Dishonour, instead of pursuing the strictest Paths of Justice. *Philander* cou'd not in the least guess her Meaning, but sighing begg'd her to explain herself. Does not my Lord *Philander* (said she) remember there was once a Lady nam'd *Melissa* ? Does he not know this Lady had a Brother ? Has he forgot how he has injur'd both ? Has he forgot the Virtues of that Youth, and how by him rewarded ? Where's thy Philosophy, or how reclaim'd, when Fame shall say *Philander's* wed, nor sheds a Tear o'er poor *Melissa's* Grave ; nor reconciles him with that much wrong'd



## The FAIR MORALIST. 97

wrong'd Youth? No Recompence for all his mighty Sufferings; how will this sound in every virtuous Ear? How will this grace the great *Philander's* Triumphs, when even his Slaves shall say, there goes the mighty, but unjust *Philander*; what can we hope from him? How will the Maids condemn *Emelia's* Friendship? Are these her Virtues? These her Points of Honour? Where's all her Morals now? Thus will they justly say: No, no, *Philander*, her Honour's sacred still; for she has made a solemn Vow to Heaven, never to wed till *Theodore* shall own his Wrongs are fully recompenc'd, and by *Philander*: This Discourse had the desir'd Effect, and *Philander* was so sensibly stung with the reviving Ideas of that black Affair, that his beauteous Monitor seem'd not more affected with the Injustice of the Cause.—What can I do, cried he, to recompence him equal to his Wrongs? My Life, my Fame, my Fortune, all are Trifles, unable to repay but half the Injuries I have done him; too great for Recompence; so must I still be wretched, and for my Punishment must lose *Emelia*. Here his very Heart seem'd breaking; and the Tears gush'd like Torrents from his manly Eyes. *Emelia* endeavour'd to sooth his Anguish, and desir'd him to tell her, if she, or any other Person

K

should

should weigh the Matter well, and prove that it were in his Power, without endangering either Life, Fame, or Fortune, to make such Recompence, as *Theodore* shou'd acknowledge were sufficient to requite him for every Pang he had felt on his Sister's account; whether or not he wou'd make a Vow never to be dissolv'd, that he would agree to do it; and thereby be freed from any Imputation that might hereafter be laid on his Justice or Conduct: He stood not long to hesitate; the Cause demand- ed no Debate, but immediately falling on his Knees, made the solemn Vow propos'd: Whereupon *Emelia* desir'd *Theodore* might be sent for, who at first refus'd the Offer of their Friendships, believing this but a Contrivance to insult him, and triumph in his Sufferings; however, at length by much Entreaties, and Persuasions of *Philander's* Friends, he was prevail'd upon to come to the Palace: The Terror and Surprize which *Philander* express'd at the Sight of him, spoke plainly his true Penitence; he bath'd him with his Tears, whilst the compassionate honest Youth, so sooth'd by this unfeign'd Repentance, could scarce complain, or say he had done him Wrong, but sympathiz'd and wept him a Return. — *Emelia*, who had then the greatest Power of Speech, assur'd him that *Philander* had

had resolv'd never to entertain a Hope of Happiness, until he had recompenc'd the mighty Ills his youthful Folly had been guilty of, in wronging fair *Melissa*, and worthy *Theodore*. He only smil'd at this, adding that all the Wealth that *India* had in Store, were not sufficient for such Recompence, so dear he lov'd that Sister. She begg'd 'em to be calm, and give her Leave to introduce a young Stranger, whose Wisdom she had had such Proofs of, as she had never found before in any Thing beneath that Heaven he copied; that they should permit him to decide the Affair, and tell them wherein *Philander* had Power to perform his Vow: This they agreed to, but to please the Maid; for they little expected from thence a satisfactory Determination. She instantly sent for the Stranger from *Dorissa's* Cottage, and placing him in the Midst of the Company, related herself the melancholy Story, omitting only the Circumstance of *Melissa's* Death: When she had finish'd her Tale, she addrestes herself to the pretty Judge; And now, Sir, said she, wherein do you believe *Philander* has the Power to perform his Vow, and make this Gentleman a Satisfaction equal to his Wrongs. After some Pause, the Youth gravely and deliberately told them, he could perceive no way wherein it could be in the

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Lord *Philander*'s Power to make such Satisfaction as she mentioned, but by marrying the Lady, and thereby retrieving the Honour of *Theodore*'s Family: Right, Sir, cried *Philander*, that were indeed the only Way, and I am still unhappy; for the Lady is dead, else would *Philander* gladly pay his Vow; Know then, *Philander*, said *Emelia*, that *Melissa* lives, and lives to justly claim it: Here, *Theodore*, take thy *Melissa* once more to thy Arms, and give her Hand where Fate has given her Heart. Description wou'd but debase the different Passions, the Transports, and Amazement with which they were seiz'd, at finding, instead of the young Stranger, *Melissa* there: The sudden Storm of Joy which pour'd on their Souls, the Imaginations of the wife, and just, alone can paint. I shall only say, that when the Calm succeeded, they desir'd *Melissa* to tell them how she had so dexterously contriv'd that Funeral, and so long continu'd conceal'd from her inconsolable Friends. She inform'd them that it was all compleatly manag'd by the Care and Confidence of her Woman *Seleneia*, who faithfully contriv'd this as a means to stifle the innumerable Reproaches which she fear'd to meet with, from the too nice Virtues of her female Acquaintance:



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quaintance: That she remain'd conceal'd at a Relation of *Selene's*, until she found how Matters went with her Brother and Lord *Philander*; that when she found the latter was on the Point of Marriage, she resolv'd to end her Days in a Convent, and discover herself to none of her Acquaintance, except *Emelia*, who she believ'd had good Nature enough in her to rejoice that she was living, and Honour enough to conceal it. That her Sincerity in this last Affair had much surpass'd her Expectation, since it exceeded even the utmost Bounds of Friendship. — Well, nothing but Joy was now seated on each Countenance; *Philander* must prepare to keep his Vow, and the Ceremonies which were to have join'd him to *Emelia*, must now make ready to compleat *Melissa's* Happiness. — They had nothing now to do before they were compleatly bless'd, but to dissuade the fair *Emelia* from a Resolution she had taken to retire herself to the Nunnery, that Life best suiting the Calmness of her Mind: They could not bear the Thoughts of parting with so rare a Jewel, and their future Peace consisted in her friendly Councils; but she modestly declin'd the Offers they made her, begging she might be permitted to retire to the Nunnery. — This

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for a while drew a Veil of Sorrow o'er the dazzling Scene, when the youthful blushing *Theodore* thus began: Forgive me, O divine *Emelia*! if I at Length unfold a Tale that may perhaps offend thine Ear; forgive me, dear *Philander*, if I confess that all the Pains you gave me, fell short of those I have felt for fair *Emelia*; I saw her, I admir'd, I heard her, and I lov'd; I knew her, and ador'd; but thou wert mighty, and I fear'd offending: She lov'd *Philander*, and I fear'd her Scorn, so long in Silence sigh'd: But now, ye gentle Powers, *Emelia*'s free, then let not *Theodore*, (since she deals Happiness where'er she comes) have Cause to say *Emelia* is unkind, and be the only Wretch amidst so many. Will Fate never have done with poor *Emelia*, and must she have a Husband at last, whether she will or no? She had no Aversion to *Theodore*, but on the contrary, retain'd always a particular Esteem for his Virtues, but she had no Inclination to be marry'd, for her Love-fit was now entirely over: However, this Discovery presently inspir'd 'em with new Matter for Intreaty, and their eternal Repose seem'd plac'd in the Complaisance of her Determination; *Theodore* must be miserable without *Emelia*; and if *Theodore* is miserable, can *Melissa* ever  
hope

hope for Joy? If she wants Joy, *Philander* can't be blest'd. Thus was she embarrass'd on all Sides, and the Goodness she had hitherto bestow'd, only dealt them an Idea of imperfect Happiness. To make short of my Story, after an Age of Solicitations, she was at Length prevail'd upon to become *Theodore's* Bride; and sure the Endowments of his Mind, pleads an Excuse sufficient for a much easier Condescension: They lost no Time, but flew with Wings of Love into the welcome Chains of Matrimony, and the Ceremonies were perform'd together, at *Philander's* Palace, whilst Acclamations of Joy, like Thunder, shook the very Orbs above 'em. Publick Rejoicings were made throughout the Country; nothing was talk'd of but these happy Lovers; the slighted Swain upbraided his cruel Fair one, with the Constancy and Love of the Ladies; and the forsaken Nymph, her ungrateful Lover, with the Gratitude and Honour of the Gentlemen: They were admir'd by all, and envy'd by none, except those who were entire Strangers to the bright Qualifications which appear'd in these amiable People.

We have already mention'd so many Instances of *Emelia's* Goodness, that 'twere needless to repeat what the Reader may be assur'd of, the Pleasure she now takes in distributing  
those

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those Benefits the Powers had so deservedly bestow'd upon her; (for *Theodore* had large Possessions) I'll only say, that her entire Study is to maintain those Principles which first founded in her Heart, that Honour, Goodness, and Virtue, by which she has attain'd to every Height of Happiness. As soon as the Rejoicings, and troublesome Ceremonies were over, she abundantly rewarded her faithful Servant *Dorissa*; for all her friendly Services, bestowing on her all she had left in her Possession, which had been much improv'd by the industrious Girl: *Melissa* also recompenc'd *Selene* with her old Post, adding thereto several rich Presents worthy her Acceptance; nor did *Emelia* forget her Promise to her fair Sweet-heart of the Inn: *Philander*, *Theodore*, and *Melissa*, who took the greatest Delight imaginable in hearing *Emelia* recite her Adventures during the Time of her Exile, were prodigiously diverted with this Story, and order'd the Maid forthwith to be sent for. The cruel Parents no sooner heard that their Daughter must appear before the Duke and Dutches, but they concluded it must be concerning an Impeachment, or at least, their Practices in some respect or other; so, conscious of their Guilt, they made sure of all the ill-gotten Wealth they could possess themselves of, and  
flew



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flew to avoid a just Punishment. *Emelia* finding the Maid had a tolerable natural Genius, took her to wait on herself, that she might the better be able to cultivate the growing Principles of Virtue and Justice she found already blooming in her ; and root out even the Idea of the abominable Practices she had too often been oblig'd to conceal. Thus did the charming Fair-ones go on, excelling all in Charity, Sweetness, and Virtue, as did their adoring Spouses, in Love, Honour, and Indulgence.

*Whose fair Examples still this Truth record,  
Virtue, and Love, must meet their just Reward.*



T H E

the world's great nations. The world's  
great nations are the United States, Great Britain,  
France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Russia, China,  
Japan, India, and the many other nations of the world.  
The world's great nations are the United States, Great Britain,  
France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Russia, China,  
Japan, India, and the many other nations of the world.  
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France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Russia, China,  
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THE  
Author's Observations:  
OR, A  
LOOKING-GLASS  
FOR THE  
FAIR SEX.

**I** Fancy 'tis a fix'd Maxim amongst our modern Writers, that to say well, and live ill, are the great and only Business of our Lives, and all we need to do, to gain us Fame, and Happiness; to make us mighty in the Eye of Man, and in the Soul of Pleasure: Otherwise, so many ingenious Persons wou'd never take the Pains they do in prescribing Rules for others, which not in the least enter'd into their Heads to have practis'd themselves, only to set a Gloss over their own Actions, and cover Vice under the Cloak of Virtue. I could excuse those, who for Want of Learning have run into Errors which other-  
wise

wife might have been avoided; but, in my Opinion, Hypocrisy is a Crime unpardonable: However (as Times go) it is a fashionable one, and we labour not now to be good, but to be thought so. As for my Part, I have but lately discern'd the Difference between Wisdom and Folly, and have more Respect for the World, than to be intirely out of the Fashion; so that it is impossible I should be without a Share of the latter; when it is born in the Mind, Pains must be taken, e'er we can utterly destroy, and root it out; and tho' our Resolutions strive against it, it often unawares steals in upon us, and breaks into our Conversations without our Leave or Knowledge, as tho' it boldly claim'd its native Empire. The Guardian, Judgment, first perceives it, grows angry at the Insult, and calls Reason to her Aid, who once more banishes the Foe; till tir'd, by being often thus oppos'd, at length, perhaps, it flies us. I have here undertaken to draw in Miniature, a few of the Follies I have remark'd during my short Residence in this Life, but not with the above mention'd View. Nor would I, on any Account, endeavour to persuade my Sex, that I am such an intire Enemy to all their pretty Failings, as to abolish the long establish'd Name of Woman, by a too surly, and obstinate, Adherence to Truth and Wisdom; no, I  
scorn



scorn such unprecedented Proceedings; and, possibly, from myself I may draw a lively Resemblance of others. Bless me! then says the Lady, who perceives the plainest Likeness, to be sure, Malice only must excite you to expose your own Failings rather than hide other People's. Say so still, say I; for I am certain the Good and Wise will believe me, when I assure 'em, I had no other Motive than to deter those whose Years and Conversations has not, as yet, introduc'd the riper Follies of the Age, from falling into Snares, especially those laid by Women, who, to my certain Knowledge, are greater Foes to Virtue, and contribute more to the Ruin of their own Sex, than does all the Wiles and Seducements generally laid to the Charge of Mankind.—A very small Time, but a large Quantity of Experience, has taught me that Wisdom and Folly are two very opposite Enemies, and that Folly, thro' a natural Desire of agrievating her Antagonist, is always solicitous in increasing the Number of her Followers and Admirers; a good Foundation for that old, but just Saying, that *Evil Communications corrupt good Manners*. I am sorry I can say she but too well succeeds; for I believe, at present, poor Wisdom and Virtue have but very few left to defend 'em, and these too, chiefly consist of Fugitives from Folly, who,

L

tir'd

tir'd with the toilsome Pleasures of her Reign,  
 find more sweet Content in a Cottage with  
 Virtue, than in the noisy Crowd, attended by  
 Broils, Diseases, and even the worst of Tor-  
 mentors, their own Conscience. Few, indeed,  
 there are of these; for Vice, like an evil Com-  
 panion, is not easily got rid of, without ha-  
 zarding every thing that is dear, except fu-  
 ture Peace; and that's a Jewel seldom sought  
 for: Yet would we consider its inestimable  
 Value when found, how pleasant and delight-  
 ful to the Mind the Paths that are trod in Search  
 of it, the soft, the heavenly Repose we meet  
 when at our Journey's End, and know how  
 long 'twill last, for ever! That Joy and  
 Peace will last for ever; that Thought might  
 make us endure an Age of mortal Pain, and  
 think it but a Day well spent: There we have  
 no Uncertainties; we're not caress'd To-day,  
 and murder'd To-morrow: No Courts with  
 gilded Outfides, which harbour Death with-  
 in; no deluding Lights, which lead to guilty  
 Pleasures, rewarded with eternal Punishments;  
 Punishments inflicted by a Judge who won't  
 be brib'd, or delay the Execution half a Day,  
 for all that worthless Dross we pay our Adora-  
 tion to. In the Pursuit of this Treasure, we  
 drudge not on in continual Slavery, for Plea-  
 sures which we gain and lose, both in a Mo-  
 ment,

ment, or continue under the Directions of a Master ungrateful, deceitful, and ambitious; whose Yoke is galling, and whose Wages is lasting Death. The King there serv'd is just, is powerful, his Burdens are light, his Service substantial Bliss, and his Rewards Crowns of eternal Glory. What a Difference is here; Reflection on this might make a Hermit of a Libertine. Wou'd we consult but Reason, we might quickly discern all this; for she is a just Guide, and won't lead us wrong; but we banish her as we do our true Friends, and imagine her unfaithful because she won't flatter. I know her Worth; for she has often resolv'd my Doubts, and never fail'd her utmost Endeavours to assure me of the Certainty of that happy Dwelling; for I must confess I have sometimes question'd it, perceiving several of the Rules taught by idolatrous Bigots, to be intirely superstitious, and inconsistent with Truth and Reason.—If there is an Almighty Being, said I, who is the Author of Goodness, he must consequently himself be both good and just; then why is he represented by these mock religious Blockheads to be the contrary? for I protest, I have heard some of 'em talk such Things of him, as can never be thought by me to be either good or just. Divers are the trifling Absurdities they tell ye he is the

Author of; one in particular (and not the least) I cannot omit mentioning, by Reason I know of no Calamity, which has driven my own Sex into greater Errors, than this false Opinion has done. I have known a Hundred Women sit down contented with their own ill Conduct, and fancy'd their Crimes unblameable, because, forsooth, they cou'd not help committing them. Predestination, I mean; 'tis somewhat strange to me that the Almighty shou'd ordain whatever Good or Evil we commit, yet punish, or reward us, according to our Deeds, shall he order us to do Evil, yet punish us for obeying his Commands; or shall he reward us for the Good we could not help doing? No; this is neither Wisdom, nor Justice; and yet he must be wise and just. They'll tell ye withal, that that Power grieves at the Death of a Sinner: They may as well say, that a Father commands his Son to go into the Fire, and weeps afterwards that he is burnt. Good lackaday! says one, how hard is my Destiny; what have I ever done, that the Lord should ordain me such cruel Fortune? They are much in the right on't. What indeed! They may well murmur against the Lord, if they believe he deals so unjustly by them. If every good or evil Fortune, that we meet thro' Scenes of Life, must be ordain'd, and not to be avoided,

why



why shou'd the Almighty take a particular Spight to the one, or Liking to the other, to order the one Good, and t'other Evil, before he has form'd 'em; to know whether or not they may deserve either; or if his All-seeing Judgment intends to make them deserving, or undeserving, yet it is unjust to shew so great a Difference between Children who are all of the same Parent. They'll answer you to this, that he ordains us Punishments in this Life, to make our Rewards the greater in the other; and Benefits, to see how we will dispose 'em. Here they contradict themselves; for if we act (as they say we do) intirely according to his Ordination, we must dispose our Wealth, or bear our Afflictions, as he makes us; and I don't think our Merit a Bit the greater for doing what we can't help: Neither is his Power or Goodness increas'd, by bestowing Rewards or Punishments, for Good or Evil, which we act by Force. This is a blasphemous Opinion, and defames his Dignity, Honour, Goodness, and Justice; enough to make Atheists of all the World, as, indeed, there are already too many; and why? Because their Understanding won't permit 'em to believe these and several other scandalous Errors introduc'd by so many different Preachers of Religion; so many different Ways they make to lead to

Heaven, yet tell ye there is but one true one; that no Wonder they believe there is none at all. This is for Want of consulting Reason; for she cou'd teach them to despise these superstitious Follies, and shew 'em that Man's wicked Inventions brought them forth, for private Interest, Grudge, or some ambitious End; and that neither the Heavens, or any thing therein, ever ordain'd, that such Wretches shou'd breed Discord amongst Mankind. I fancy they will find at Length, (notwithstanding their thriving Deceit) that the Almighty Judge is truly good, and just, and will impartially judge, and condemn them, for acting according to their own accursed Inclinations, and not by any Force of his. Some there are, no doubt, who are both good and wise; and, methinks, 'tis Pity they cannot suppress these Traders in Religion, to hinder the sacred Theme from being so foolishly and publickly handled, by false Teachers, and deceitful Idiots, who set such plain Examples of the taking Liberties with divine Affairs, that the very Rabble must imitate them, and in their most obscene Conversations contest about Holy Matters: You shall scarce read an insignificant Letter, but you shall find a Dozen or two of G—ds in it; the very Farthing Ballads are no less stor'd with Deities, and instead of Ballads,

Iads, it is common to hear the Psalms we sing in Churches, hallow'd by Slaves about the Streets, for Half-pence. Nor is that Name, which we shou'd tremble but to hear, treated with more Respect than we should treat the Name of an inferior Officer. I am surpriz'd, that Folly, and Wickedness, has overcome the People, so that an Awe does not seize them, e'er they make Mention of such mighty and divine Affairs, at least, without that due and holy Reverence we ought to pay before our heavenly Benefactor.—There are of these Traders also, who assure us, that the only Way to merit Heaven, is by destroying its Handywork, and, thro' a pretended Zeal to Religion, not only rob their poor Fellow-creatures, but most barbarously murder them into the Bargain, because they cannot follow their villanous Superstitions, believe as their Whimsies command, and serve the Lord, by heaping Riches on their sordid Teachers. I can never suppose, that Goodness delights in Cruelty; if it is a Merit to convert a Sinner, and they think they can, let 'em endeavour it by gentle Means, shew better Examples than they see in others, and win 'em by the Prospect they may have of a happy Change, but never offer Force; for he cannot serve a Master faithfully who is compell'd to it without Inclination, and made a  
Slave

Slave to what he abhors : Nor do themselves believe they rightly act, otherwise than that it rightly answers the End of Avarice, and Ambition. We suppose an earthly King to be above a mean Action, then why do they talk of so many mean Things, which they say are acted, or ordered to be acted by the King of Kings ? No, no, 'tis none of his Directions ; he is great, and above Meanness ; nothing that Thought can form, mean, unjust, or insignificant, proceeds from him ; no superstitious Rules, or Puppet-show Worship, will bring you a Step the nearer to his Gates ; for these are below his Dignity : His Porters takes no Bribes, or is his Servants admitted to deliver our foolish, and unworthy Petitions. His Judgment's penetrating, and he knows our Worth, so will reward it : When we deviate from that, himself condemns us, as his Greatness shall see proper. He delights not in Torture, or Mortifications ; for he is good, and tender-hearted : If the Faithful, in Distress, sue to him with Reverence, and Sincerity (but not for ambitious Trifles) he will hear them, and grant their Requests ; for he is compassionate, and, tho' great, void of Pride. This I am certain of ; for I have prov'd it true. How happy wou'd it be for some who want not Means to serve him as they ought, to think as I do ;



do: In order to persuade 'em to it, I write these Observations. Could my Abilities come near the Greatness of my Theme, or Sincerity of my Intentions, they might indeed prove worthy the Perusal. However, they are full of Truth; and if the Reader has a Mind to be so too, let 'em shun, as near as possible, all the Follies I describe, and converse with the Wise; for Folly is the very Soul of Vice, and is always so delighted with itself, that nothing but what bears its own Likeness, can, possibly, be agreeable. This is verified in the first I treat of, which is that of being always pleas'd at Nonsense.

How often have I heard a simple conceited Woman praise the Niceness of her Judgment, and condemn false Opinions; when her whole Soul has been one Lump of Folly, which the very next Scene of Nonsense has dissolv'd into a most immoderate Fit of Laughter, perhaps, the Appearance of some wise Philosopher had had a different Effect upon the Lady's Understanding, and introduced the Spleen, the Vapours, or some other fashionable Distemper, often incident to Ladies of Wit and Pleasure. What a ridiculous Sight it is; and how near a Resemblance it has of Bedlam, to see a Parcel of Women running to and fro in a Chamber several

several Minutes without ceasing, laughing to so violent a Degree, that you'd swear 'twere the Expiration of their Days, at no other Occasion than the Sight of a Vizard, the awry Set of a Peruke, or Something full as trifling; nay, some there are, who without any at all, are often moved by the Spirit of Folly to express themselves true Subjects of that Power. Yet we shall stile them Criticks, and Ladies of Understanding, for being capable of telling who makes most Blunders at Table; and, without considering themselves, ridiculously jesting on the very same Indiscretions, which are the chief Practice of their own Lives and Behaviour.—I happened to be once in Company with a Gentleman and his Spouse, the Lady had met with some Disappointment, and seem'd melancholy; the Gentleman disturb'd at seeing his Comfort so dull, address'd himself to me, Prithee Miss, said he, talk a little of your Nonsense to divert my Wife. I own I smil'd at the Oddity of the Request, thought it a strange Way of diverting, and the only Thing would make me sad. However I reflected on my self, and imagined, that tho' I might not be sensible of my own Failings, I certainly must have been heard to talk Nonsense, or the Man had never made that Speech, or fancy'd I should then begin. If every Person  
were

were to criticize on the Sayings of other People, only as thus, and to examine themselves by them, how profitable an Advantage might be made of every Word we hear, and every Action we see, but we put our Gift of Understanding to a wrong Use, and instead of improving it, we make it the Instrument of Evil to both ourselves and our Companions. If you ask these pretty Apes why they play their witty Tricks, mimick their Friends, and make themselves Buffoons, the Scorn of riper Judgment, they'll assure you, they know 'tis very silly, but they do it to appear agreeable, and comply with the Taste of their Company.—A sad Excuse for Folly, if we have Wisdom let us shew it; if the Company approves and learns, it were a glorious Recompence, for what can be a greater Pleasure than to instruct Wisdom? If they seem displeas'd, and disapprove, they are not worth conversing with, and ought to be shun'd. Because I see and know a Parcel of People to be degenerate and base, shall I endeavour to imitate them? No, rather let me, by contemning them, display my own Virtues, or to save Controversy, keep Silence. However, this Folly, tho' it renders the Persons possess'd of it so ridiculous in the Eyes of the thinking Part of the World, contains the least Evil of any, and sometimes may divert.

There

There is another Sort, which notwithstanding it is the Height of Vice, and deserves the severest Punishment, reigns uncontroul'd, and is the darling Bait generally laid by the Fair Sex, to catch even the most wary. This is a pretended Love of Religion; Good Gods! What Villanies are practis'd by those Religious Ladies; and yet, the very Thing for which we should abhor them, that false fair Covering, procures them Awe, Respect, and Credulity, nay, leads their poor Admirers blindfolded to Ruin; for sure 'twould be Presumption to suspect the Goodness and Sincerity of a Saint. I have known some of them, who would stick at no Crime that could be committed with Safety, and yet to gain Credit with the World, preach up for Religion, and rail at Vice like a Jesuit, frequent constantly the Churches and Holy Communion, appear in Publick all Angels, and be in private the worst of Devils. The very Prostitutes are preferable to them, for they confess their Crime with their Poverty. How can we expect Mercy from the Almighty Power, when the most sacred Places dedicated to his Name, are prophan'd by such Hypocrites? Might true Religion shine in the Colours he first painted it, 'twould appear too transparent to hide Deceit; and our worthy Actions would be a greater Proof of the Sincerity of our Religion,



ligion, than all the Fufs and Shew we make about it: If we heard a Man or Woman was religious, we should ask withal if they were good, if every Action of their Lives exprefs'd it, for Noife and Shew are folid Proofs of Hypocrify, but empty ones of Truth.

The Abuse of Religion is a Vice which bears the blackeft Dye, none is fo near allied to it as Ingratitude, which is pretty much of the fame Nature; this is only practis'd by thofe of Human Species, efpecially amongst the Female Part. How proud are we of the Noblenefs of our Form, and how much do we prize ourfelves above the Animals of the Field, yet let even them outvie us in Juftnefs; for the moft fierce amongst them fcorn Ingratitude, and will protect, nay lofe their Lives for their Prefervers and Benefactors, whilft on the contrary, we lay our deepeft Defigns againft our chief Friends, and Relations, and when our Plots fucceed, will brag how nicely they were bit. We think it a Scandal to be juft, and feem afhamed to acknowledge the moft fincere Marks of Friendfhip. I have heard fome of thefe ungrateful ones, rail with the bittereft Imprecations againft thofe who have been the only Supporters of their Lives and Fortunes, and when their whole Store of Malice have

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been

been exhausted, 'Tis true, said they, they have been very kind to me, but what of that ? 'twas their own Profer, their were not importun'd to it, and might have let it alone ; besides, they can't expect me to be grateful, for they know very well it is not in my Power to make Returns. A barbarous Speech ! and whilst they endeavour to excuse their Ingratitude, they make it a thousand Degrees worse, what a beautiful Friendship must that be which offers its Support to the Distress'd without leaving room for adding the Pain of Importunity, and without the Hopes of a Return, for where Friendship is founded upon Interest, it is improperly called Friendship, our private Ends, ourselves it is we serve, but not our Friends. Then where we find it in its truest Light, the least we can give in Return, is Praise and Acknowledgment ; our Friends to be sure expect we should speak well of them, and stand their Champions against malicious Slanders. If they really have Failings, we should, if possible conceal them, not be ourselves the Instruments of their Defamation : Or when their long repeated Acts of Friendship have prov'd them true, vow 'em false from the insinuating Tattle of every Tale-bearing Fool. If I am told that my Friend has deceived me, I'll not believe it ; if I am told a second time, I'll endeavour

deavour to be convinced, and when I am so, by some plain Demonstration, I'll suppose it more thro' Error than Design, however, I'll ask my Friend, then, if my Eyes and Ears have Proof by an obstinate Declaration of Falshood, I will shun my lost Friend, and then only, believe 'em to be my Enemy, Yet even then, in Absence wish, and speak them well, for their past Favours, concluding that my own Conduct in some Measure contributed to the Change, since I know a sincere Mind is seldom chang'd but by some great Occasion.

There is a Kind of a busy Vice, which a great Number of Ladies are possess'd of, who are never made happy, but when they are marring the Happiness of other People. These are just like Fools in a Play, for ever busy, and for ever in Mischief. What Pains do they take, and how do they fatigue themselves in traversing the Town, to find out the Affairs of their Neighbours, yet leave their own at home neglected. They will venture their Lives, nay, give their all for a Secret, which, in no manner at all, concerns 'em, yet set so little Store by what they have so dearly purchas'd, that they directly bestow it on the next Gossip they meet: There is no Safety where these Gentlemen frequent; for 'twere as easy for

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them

them to cease to be, as to cease Chattering; and, like People who talk in their Sleep, at Night, over the Tea-table, will reveal all their industrious Ears have so diligently gather'd in the Day. These Creatures destroy the Pleasure of Society, and every Person where they come ought to be upon their Guard. Not one Word is spoken, or Action done, that is not, surely, represented to the next Company, in a manner, quite different from the Original; for they are always Liars, and generally take away the Beauty of a good Deed, but never fails adding double to a bad one: Nay, when they want Matter for Discourse, or Scandal, they'll make no Scruple of affirming such monstrous Lies and Absurdities, as never could enter into the Thoughts of any Thing less wretched than themselves, and their insatiate Talent must be supported at the Expence of their Neighbours Reputations. Their Tongues are in perpetual Motion; not a Mortal in Town or Country so obscure as to escape their Knowledge; and nothing more common, than for them, whilst they pretend a Friendship, to breed eternal Strife and Discord amongst the most united Families. Sometimes their Inquisitiveness perplex themselves too; for nothing can be a greater Mortification to them, than to hear of other People's good Fortune.

They



They will put themselves into as great an Agony about it, as tho' they fancy'd their Words were capable of turning the Scale, as, indeed, sometimes it happens; for whether wilfully, or thro' Mistake, I know not; but I am certain I have often heard these glib-tongu'd Ladies ruin many a good Design. What matters it to me, if my Neighbours Affairs have good or ill Success, if their Cloaths are old, or new, their Dealings just, or unjust? so I can keep my own Affairs on the Ballance, my Cloaths whole, and deal justly by all. What Business have I to entertain a Room full of People two or three Hours together, with the Conduct of a Family, which, perhaps, they never so much as heard the Name of in the whole Course of their Lives before? I dined one Day with a Gentlewoman, who, upon seeing of one of her female Neighbours passing by the Window, set up a loud Laugh. I must confess, I varied here a little from my natural Principle, and mov'd (Woman-like) by the Spirit of Curiosity, must needs ask who that Lady was? Why, truly, replies the other, I do know who she is, and yet I do not know; for I can tell you, whatever you may think of me, my Name is Mrs. Say-nothing, I never trouble my Head with that which does not concern me; it is no Bread and

Butter of mine, and what does not lie in my Way shall never break my Shins ; the Woman behaves very well to me, and what need I care what she does in her own private Apartment ; I shall not be answerable for her Crimes : 'Tis true, I have seen odd Sort of People there all Hours of the Night, but what they bring in, or what they carry out, is no Affair of mine, as long as they take nothing from me, and let me rest quiet in my own House.—In short, I found by the Sum of Mrs. Saynothing's Relation, that the Lady's Visitors were no better than a whole Gang of Thieves, and herself a Receiver of Stolen Goods: and yet Mrs. Saynothing was ignorant of the Matter, as in reality, I believe she was. Were these Saynothing Gentlewomen's Discourses to be pen'd in their own proper Characters, what a terrible Figure must they make, even in their own Opinions, when they perus'd them, and reflected on the ridiculous Misuse they had made of the only Thing they should have held precious in Life, their Time ; what contemptible, worthless Things, must they find themselves to be, would they consider, that, instead of answering the End of their Creation, To do Good in the World, they come into it, only to incumber it, plague it, and to set it together by the Ears.

Several

Several there are, who take a particular Delight in Censure, and will swear every Woman they see a little decenter than common, is (as they call it) no better than she should be, and will affirm the same to the next Stander-by, as punctually, as tho' they had been the Bawd in ordinary, for Seven Years past, when, in reality, they never beheld them before: If you enter their Houses, they are immediately rob'd, if you use them kindly, you have some Design against them, in short, the whole World, besides themselves, are no more than W—s, Rogues, and Thieves. How ill do they obey that Command in Holy Writ, which bids 'em not to judge; would they, as that directs 'em, judge only themselves, they'd find but little Reason to spend their Breath in censuring of others. It is not every Man that drinks with a Knave that is one, Rogues may sometimes be found in the Churches, sooner than the Jails, and Virtue will as readily protect her Votary in a Stew, as in a Convent; we ought not to be uncharitable in our Opinions, least the same we give should be return'd to us again. How will these Censurers condemn, and prescribe Punishments, before they so much as know the Nature of the Offence. What pity it is, that Persons who perhaps are innocent, should have  
their

their Names sullied, and their Livelihoods debar'd them, on the meer Surmises of these cruel Monsters; the severest of Judges will examine the Case before they cast their Verdict, but they disclaim Justice, and upon the least Appearance of a Crime, they deserve Hell-fire, says one, they will go to the Devil, says another: Were the Almighty Judge to say to every trifling Offence, you shall be punish'd with Hell-fire, we must all inevitably perish; yet they pretend to direct that Power, and teach him Rules, whereby to correct and punish his Creatures. This is Wickedness to the last Degree, and I think, a Crime almost too great for Pardon.

There are a vast Number of Ladies, who are very particular for admiring every Thing that is new, and change their Acquaintance as often as they do their Apparel, which are both alike despis'd when they have serv'd too long. These Ladies, as they are always prodigiously delighted with a new Fashion, so they are with a new Face, and will barter the truest Friendship that Time can produce, for an Hours Conversation with any Trifler: What Protections of Friendship will they make, what Tenderness express, both by their Words and Behaviours; you would swear them to be one Com-



Compound of Goodness, never to be dissolv'd, when Deceit alone is their Province, and like the various Wind, no sooner seem fix'd to one Point, but they forsake it for another. They are pretty much the same in their Amours as in their Friendships, and no Man who converses with them, but fancies himself sole Master of their Passions; insinuating Falshood! I have known several different Lovers caress'd by the same Lady, and each entirely happy in believing his Mistress the only Pattern of Constancy in the Age. Nay, 'twere endangering a Life, so much as to suspect her. 'Tis amazing, that People who have Knowledge, should be so blinded, tho' I must confess, Art is here in Perfection, and rarely to be distinguish'd from Nature. However, they who trust to the Sincerity of these Deceivers, will find their Hopes built on a Foundation that will quickly fall, and the Fall be as sudden as the Rise, for you seldom are capable of perceiving their Intentions; To-day you shall be the nearest to their Heart and Person, and To-morrow banish'd from both, nor can the highest Degree of Merit procure you a Day added to the Date of their Affections: Change is to them become so habitual, that 'twere as great a Pain to them to continue a long Friendship, as a just Person feels to break one. They have long since learn'd,  
that

that Proteſtations are made of Wind, and can fly like that, as far as is, from Truth the Tongues that make them, that broken Vows and Falſhoods are as fashionable as their laſt Suit of Pinners, and ſhe that can beſt conceal her Art, and make it look like Nature, is the moſt accompliſh'd Gentlewoman. I have heard 'em ſay, there was a ſecret Pleaſure in Deceiving, and they were charm'd to think that the World fancied it knew 'em, when it did not. And yet, I think, a penetrating Judgment, after a little Experience, may find 'em out ; that which is ſo ſuddenly patch'd together, can never keep long whole, thoſe who are ſo immediately charm'd with every new Face, cannot be imagin'd to hold true to all, and each ſucceeding Favourite muſt conſequently baniſh the Idea of the former.

Some, again, have an excellent Talent of Bragging ; and, if you wou'd believe themſelves, there is nothing that is either Good, or Great, but they have ſome Claim to ; theſe too, are moſt admirable Liars, and will affect Grandeur, and talk of Equipage and Titles with as indolent an Air, as if the Globe were under their Command, when their whole Dominions, perhaps, lies within the Conſines of one empty Garret : If they have a Viſitor, it is

is my Lady Somebody, a Lover, it is my Lord of Something; their Families, and Relations, are always noble, when most likely to be the Nurflings of some Stall; for noble Blood never boasts its Fountain, and may be easily distinguish'd from the Vulgar, without proclaiming its own Merit; their every Action shews it: 'Twere as hard to disguise a Monarch in Rags, as to make a Beggar act a King. Will my saying that my Bed's made of Down, make me sleep in Peace? Or affirming that the Duke of this, or Prince of that, dines with me on such and such Rarities, shew I'm the better Gentlewoman? No; rather let me own, that I lodge on a Pallat, with a Conscience free from that unnecessary Sin of Lying; that my Food was wholesome, my Company honest; and let my Behaviour prove, whether, or not, I deserve in Reality, what the others have but feign'd. The People who converse with those Braggers, are very happy; for they gain Titles, and become great Folks, as soon as ever they enter the List of their Followers. One of these great Ladies, dress'd in, really, a very rich Suit of Cloaths, visited a Gentlewoman one Day where I was, but could not, possibly, stay long enough to drink Tea, by Reason she was oblig'd to return home, to give Orders to her Servants, to clean  
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the Plate, dust the Piers, and do a few odd Trifles in the Chambers; for she expected my Lord and Lady, Lord knows who, to sup there. (Now you must know they often conceal the Place of their Abode, for some great State-Reason, or other.) A curious Stander-by, suspecting the Truth of the Relation, follow'd her, unperceiv'd, to her Lodging, and also to her Apartment; which happen'd to be a Garret belonging to a poor Chandler's Shop, in a very scandalous Street. The Lady's Pier was three-corner'd, and stood on the Lid of an old Powder-box, the rest of the Furniture suitable, and her Servant, (for she had no other) a poor, forlorn Cat. She was much surpriz'd at seeing the Gentleman, and would have persuaded him that she call'd there on her Washerwoman; but an officious old Woman running in hastily, to deliver a Message she had taken in, in her Ladyship's Absence, spoilt the Scheme. You may readily guess her Confusion; for she could never stand the Shock of paying another Visit at the same Place. So, when they are found out, they pretend some Dislike to the Behaviour of one or t'other, and (as they term it) drop the Acquaintance. I don't intimate this by Way of reflecting on Poverty, nor had I any Objection to the Lady, or her Garret; 'twas her stupid Pride,



Pride, and unnecessary Lies, which disturb'd me, for No-body enquir'd after her Plate, her Piers, or who, or what she had at Supper; nor had she been found out, had she held her Tongue. Some, perhaps, may imagine, that as the World is sway'd by Interest, this pretended Grandeur may gain 'em Esteem and Credit; indeed, so it may, from Fools, and Self-interested Wretches, but there they'll meet with nothing but a few fair Looks and Speeches, till they have no more Money to give or lend, and, as for Persons of Sense, Truth, and Generosity, they'll never despise you for being poor. 'Tis a Crime, in my Opinion, to endeavour to gain Credit with a Fool. I have been, and am, forc'd to converse with many, but so happy withal, as not to be able to obtain either their good Will, or good Word; nay, on the contrary, they have represented me to be every thing which Malice could invent, nor do I ever desire they should do otherwise, since I am certain, what is agreeable to them, must be inconsistent with Good Sense, Good Nature, Justice, and Good Manners.

Besides this bragging Pride, there is another Sort, which chiefly consists of Self-Love, and those possess'd of this, are never pleas'd but when their own Beauty and Dress is the general

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Subject.

Subject: They always have a Number of expiring Lovers at a time, and they never stir abroad but they bring home Hearts; if you know not to be lavish in false Praises and Flattery, you have no Share in their Favour, but if you can seriously protest 'em a *Venus*, tho' as detestable as *Medusa*, you'll gain free Access to all within their Power: It is impossible for a Man to smile on 'em without being a Slave, and they fancy all who behold 'em, oblig'd to be as greatly enamour'd with their Charms, as they are themselves; they think nothing so entertaining, as the recital of their silly Amours, and are so vain as to imagine, that Nature for them alone reserv'd her purest Mold, and Heaven, when that was form'd, sent all its Aid to make the Mind as perfect as the Body. What an odd Tribe of Deformities have believ'd all this, one in particular, who had nothing above her Fellows but Vanity, going on some Occasion to a House in the City, was handed out of her Coach by a complaisant young Spark, who accidentally stood at the Door, some few Months after, the same poor Gallant, having had a very great Loss, (and perhaps distemper'd before) run mad: The Lady no sooner heard of the Gentleman's Misfortune, but she immediately concluded, that his Heart and Senses were both lost together, in that fatal Moment,

ment, when his cruel Destiny plac'd him at that Door, where he so unhappily beheld her Beauty; and has frequently since, in publick Companies, most ridiculously boasted of the Conquest. I know not how to define this Sort of Folly, and I have often thought the Woman madder than her imagin'd Lover. 'Twere a perfect Comedy to see some of these Mortals walk the Streets, with a Parcel of credulous Blockheads guarding 'em from the Assaults of some empty Coach, which, by their Relation, is plac'd at the Corner of the Street, to convey them by Force to the Arms of a mighty Lord, or Duke. They never enter an Assembly, but they over-hear private Consultations concerning the Means to bear away the Prize: This they instantly communicate to some officious Fop, who directly orders the Guard to be doubled, walks foremost with Sword in Hand, and esteems himself the greatest Hero in being, in having conducted them safe within their own Walls; when at the same time, the suppos'd Conspirators had thought the Lady full dearly purchas'd at the Expence of a Beef-Stake and a Pint of Wine. You cannot offer those Mortals a greater Injury, than to contradict 'em in any of their Faults; they believe themselves incapable of being in an Error, and if you pretend to correct their Conduct, they entirely

disapprove of your Understanding, for not having Judgment enough to know that theirs is perfect; they deem you guilty of a Crime for not approving theirs; and will upbraid you with Ill-nature, or Insincerity, because you can't be entertain'd with their Impertinence. They will aim at Politeness, and talk in a high Stile, yet translate the Language after such a Manner, that I defy even themselves to guess the Meaning. If you gently instruct, and shew how they have been mistaken, your Friendship will be resented as a mighty Affront, and disoblige so highly, that you are ever after look'd upon as the greatest Enemy; they will persist in their Folly, and make more frequent Repetitions of their Speeches, least you should imagine they have Sense enough to follow your Advice. This is an obstinate Folly, I don't blame them for being deficient in Learning, but I blame them for not being desirous of improving the little they have: I think that Person, who would tell me of a Fault, and shew me a just Reason why it was one, would by me be esteem'd dearer than my Life, and the only Person I should wish to live and die with; but then it should not be in an ill-natur'd, scoffing, or publick Manner, but mildly, in Friendship, and alone, as I have done myself by several,

and



and met with the same Thanks I have before mentioned. Some of those Wretches, who happens to have a little Wealth, are so monstrous imperious, and insolent, that every Thing, which is not Fortune's Favourite, is despis'd and scorn'd, the very Ground they tread on is thought unworthy to hold so great a Treasure; they are above Devotion, and frequent publick Worship only to shew their Dress and haughty Mein; all they have Command over, are us'd like Slaves, nor have they one good Quality to recommend them; and I know no Description just enough for such Women, except that which *Milton* gives of Satan in his first rebellious State. Would not any body suppose, that Pride had turn'd a Woman's Brain, to know her set out on the most urgent Expedition, yet see her stand up at a Door a Quarter of an Hour together, lest she should give an Opportunity to some of the passing Croud, of taking the Wall of her.

There is one Sort of a reigning Folly, which very much disturbs me, by reason I can find no manner of End whatsoever that it answers, nor does it ever serve for any other Use, than to torment and plague those who are possess'd of it, and these are your Gentlewomen who are always hunting after Fortune-tellers. What a

deal of precious time do they waste, in poking their Noses into every Tea or Coffee Cup they meet with; what a World of direful Omens are frequently disturbing their Quiet, as tho' all the Inhabitants of the other World were employ'd in setting things across, breaking Glasses, spilling Salt, making Fires burn dull, tumbling down Chairs, and many other mischievous Exercises to bode People Ill. Sure they must have a very strange Notion of the Supreme Power, to fancy he sends his Servants on such frivelous Errands; for if these things are done to shew that ill Fortune is to follow, it must be by some unseen Power, since Stools, Tables, Chairs, &c. were never thought wise enough of their own Accord, to Divine. I have seen a Woman sit from Morning till Night over a Pack of Cards, enquiring of them her Fate; when a good Card (as she call'd it) appear'd, what Raptures has she been in, Joy has shew'd itself in her Visage, she has kiss'd the Card a thousand times over, and been as positively sure of an Estate, as tho' she had it in her Pocket: When, upon the next shuffling of the Cards, quite the contrary have been represented to her View, here it were amazing to behold her Change of Temper, the Bloom has left her Cheeks, her Lips turn'd pale, every thing near her has displeas'd, and she but seem'd

seem'd one Lump of black Despair. Thus has she tormented herself the live-long Day, from Joy to Despair, and from Despair to Joy again; nor has she had Power to spare a Moment for her other Affairs. One would think that the Devil had invented this, to plague those whom he had no other Power over; sure Reason flies from such People, or they might soon discover their Error, yet, if you talk to them, they'll all tell you, They can assure you, they put no manner of Belief in such Things, they only do it to divert Time away; if so, methinks, 'twere pity they were bless'd with Time, since they can make no better Use of it, than to divert it away so idly. Tho' I know this to be false, for they can't disguise the Faith they put in this silly Evil. Besides, I should think, what proves a Mortification cou'd not be diverting, for they cannot always meet good Fortune, bad must sometimes come in its turn. I knew a young Gentleman, that did not want for Understanding in other Respects, who, upon a Woman's telling him in a Tea Cup, that he should die in Three Weeks time, forsook his Companions, grew pale, and wasted away, to such an admirable Degree, that I believe, had she set a longer Date than Three Weeks, he had really died within the Time with meer Conceit. You shall often hear 'em  
say,

say, that they are going to a Fortune-teller, whom they believe deals with the Devil, for he knows but every thing. What Monsters must they be for going thither, if they think so? This were as much as to say, they would e'en go to Hell, rather than not satisfy their Curiosity. No, it is neither in that Spirit's Power, or the Fortune-teller's, to know what Chance only may produce, however, their good Will to sin is never the less. Some say they are inspir'd by a Divine Power with Knowledge; this is worst of all, that they should have the Impudence to cloak their Cheats under such a blasphemous Pretence, when 'tis said, that the very Angels in Heaven does not know the Will of their Lord; yet these pretty Creatures must be so highly honour'd, To what End? What Good can it produce to human Kind, that this Pains should be taken by the Author of Goodness, to torment the Minds of the People? telling 'em what Evil is to befall 'em, can't make 'em avoid it, for if it is already determin'd, it must be irrevocable; and informing them of good Fortune, can be no Benefit, but rather lessens it; for if a Blessing comes unawares to us, it is acceptable, but by long Expectation we grow so impatient, that when it comes 'tis pall'd and without Relish; this shews that Goodness can never be the Author



thor of this Folly, for Evil only attends it, and I would advise every Person to avoid such silly Conversation as would introduce it, for it is neither agreeable to the Mind (if rightly consider'd) profitable, or serviceable. I can't say I so much blame the Professors of this Folly, because, perhaps they know no other Way of living, or at least, no easier, than by making a Hand, and afterwards a Jest of such credulous Idiots: However, if none frequented them, there could be none such. I have often observ'd (as I have walk'd the Streets) the Creatures employ'd in distributing the Bills, which tells you where to find these Fortune-telling Gentry, and I never in my Life saw any of them deliver'd to a Man; but when they meet with a young Wench, who looks a little silly, and as if she had a Shilling to throw away, they immediately pop her one. This is plain, that 'tis a Cheat, and what Men, or indeed Women of Sense, may easily see into; then why should we be so mean-spirited as to encourage those who take us for easy Fools, and by our own Weakness impose upon us; we ought rather to resent it, and shew 'em, that a Woman, if she knew herself as she should do, could prove, that her Understanding was not inferior to a Man's.

A wise Philosopher bids us shun those who are always whining, and complaining; for, says he, there may be Truth and Sincerity there, but no Peace; and, indeed, this is certain, for Despair banishes Peace from their Dwellings, reigns uncontroll'd herself, and is the unhappy Subject in all their Discourses; what a prodigious uneasy Mind must that Person have, who is never satisfied? Would not any one think me a stupid Blockhead, if I refused a Benefit To-day, because I am not sure of the same again To-morrow? yet this I have known done. Will my dreading the Consequences of a distant Evil, make it a bit the lighter when it comes? No, rather worse, for Grief makes us incapable of going thro' our Misfortunes, and 'tis common, for what we put ourselves into so great a Fright about, never to happen at all: Then, is it not better to trust to Providence, for fickle Fortune will dispose of us as she thinks proper, tho' we should grumble and growl for ever. I never knew any of these unsatisfied People, who were not necessitous, nay, were they to have Millions, would be poor amidst it all, for they'd always be in Trouble, tho' the Reason were as trifling as the Death of a Bird, the Sicknes of a Cat, the Loss of a Dog, or some such like Agrievance; if a Friend is a Moment longer than ordinary out  
of

of their Sight, 'tis concluded they are either drowned, murdered, or dispos'd of in some very terrible Manner; since this Thought is so displeasing, can't they as well imagine, they have met some good Companion to induce their Stay, found a Bag of Money, or any thing which seems agreeable to their Imaginations. This Uneasiness of Temper is frequently seen in the Commonality, who are People never long contented with any Thing; if they have a Sovereign, tho' the best of Men, 'tis not in his Power to deal Content in any other Manner, than that of quitting the World to make Room for another. I think the Conduct of our Government at present, to be entirely Good, Just, Brave, and without Blemish, and yet there is not one in ten that wou'dn't knock all on the Head, who should say so; and were it to be chang'd To-morrow would do still the same, for, not two in a thousand of these Murmurers are of one Opinion, and what would please the one, would but distract the other. A Sovereign should be lov'd, fear'd, honour'd, and wish'd to have long Life, for he is our Guardian, our Representative of that heavenly Power who rules us all: His peaceful Hours are eternally disturb'd for our Safety, and he but suffers Life, whilst we enjoy it: Yet this is not sufficient; but it is like ungrateful Man.

'Twere

'Twere all the same to me, be King, Queen,  
or none, for my poor Affairs have little to do  
with the State, yet, when by Chance I see 'em,  
methinks I feel a secret Pleasure mix'd with  
Awe, as tho' I were compell'd by Heaven to  
love and reverence that Trust it hath repos'd  
in Monarchy.

The meaner Part of the World, are also very  
fond of Cruelty, a thing displeasing to Heaven,  
and discovers a base ignoble Mind. Cowar-  
dice, Murder, Rapine, Theft, and, in short,  
every Sort of Villany is compris'd in the cruel  
Man; nor is he fit to be trusted on any Ac-  
count, for Mischief is his Province, and is as  
delightful to him, as doing Good is to the ten-  
der-hearted. It is impossible for a Person who  
is cruel to have any good Quality, for as most  
of us has some peculiar Failing, so Destruction  
is the Pleasure, Pastime, and chief Exercises  
of these Monsters; if you want a Friend, never  
chuse a cruel one, for he that would deprive an  
Animal of Life, without Necessity, or Provoca-  
tion, would cut your Throat on offering the  
least Affront, could he do it safely. The  
Powers above never form'd any thing in vain;  
and every Insect was created for some Good to  
Man, tho' the Weakness of our Judgment can-  
not comprehend it, therefore shall we dare op-  
pose



pose the mighty Will? and take away what we cannot restore, and given by his great Hand. I mention not this to encourage Faintness of Heart, for had I my Will, I'd be as bold as *Alexander*, merciful as Heaven! and conquer the World, only to assure it of Happiness. I can't but say, too many of my own Sex are ridiculous in their Fondness of Animals, this I disapprove of, and detest; I would do my Duty, and no further, if nauseous, or troublesome, let it be put out of the World in a manner the least cruel; for 'twere Folly to let one's Peace be disturb'd by an Animal, Heaven requires not that, but to say the Truth, we are often on Extreams, either to make Idols of Nonsense, or cruel Monsters of ourselves.

I have read one of our most approv'd Authors, and for ought I know, one of the best, tho' I must presume to object against what he says, in mentioning Women, where he tells 'em of being Subjects to Fear, which he says, shews Cowardice, Cowardice Cruelty, and a Mind prone to Murder, and all manner of Vice: This I make bold to deny, for the Sort of Fear he speaks of, comes by Instinct, nor can we often quell it, else why does the Hero, whose Soul is bent on Conquest, nor fears the greatest Assault of the Enemy, sometimes tremble at a

O

Dream,

Dream, a Noise, or Shadow. The very Beasts, who understand not Murder, or to be cruel, can be frighten'd, otherwise, the Warrior's Steed, that braves the Cannon's Mouth undauntedly, would never fly at Night from a Bush. 'Tis my Opinion, the Author wrote that Speech before he consider'd the Nature, or Formation of the Mind; to be sure there is a Difference between the Thoughts of the Just and Unjust, for the one is continually tormented, yet the other, whilst in this Life, has sometimes its little Fears, Startings, and other Immotions incident to Nature. The Reader may here think I have a little too much of the Woman in me, and countenance Fear, however, I believe I am as little infected with that Weakness as any; when it would be predominant, Reason banishes as much of it, as Nature will permit, and I confess, it can grow by being indulg'd. The Practice of Cruelty is not half so prevalent amongst the Female as the Male, yet, when the former is possess'd of it, they much out-do the latter; we see rarely Instances of this, as sometimes Disappointments in Love, Slights, or ill Usage, forces'em to commit the worst of Outrages, but this is seldom: So I will treat no more on this Subject, only wish all of either Sex, so to command their Minds according to Reason, that this Evil may not reign predominate, and  
render

render them more contemptible than the Savages, who only act according to their Nature, and Design. I know no better Rule, than that which orders us to do to all as we wou'd be done by; methinks, were they to follow that, some of the World, and not the meaner Part only, would find more commendable Employments, than that of dissecting Animals, forcing Creatures to murder each other, and many such unmanly Exercises; and I sincerely believe, those who employ their Time thus, would fly as far as is the Center from the Pole, to shun an Enemy, whom they were assur'd wou'd fight in Earnest.

Revenge, is another Thing I cannot omit mentioning, by reason, I have been accus'd with being an entire Votary to that Vice, tho' I protest, in one respect, they do me wrong; for, in my Opinion, Revenge carried beyond its just Bounds, is the worst of Cruelty: I own, when any Person endeavours my Ruin, I will, in some Measure, pursue theirs, least mine should be compleated; Self-preservation requires it, as a Magistrate strives to curb Vice least it shou'd reign: Were we not to exert ourselves sometimes in this Case, we should never be freed from Injuries, the villainous Part of the World would conclude us to be easy Fools, and make

us the Tools whereby to gratify their Principles of Ruin and Destruction. If any one does me a good Turn, I'll return it, if in my Power, threefold; if a bad one, I'll be as even as possible, for I'll do no more Mischief than what will keep my Enemies in Awe, and justify myself; and this I think my Duty. Nor can I hold with those artful Hypocrites, who assure us, we must love and do Good to our Enemies, this I think, is inconsistent with Reason, for Gratitude commands us, to value, love, and if we can, to serve our Friends; were we to shew the same Esteem for Foes, 'twere pity we shou'd know the Difference. At this Rate, we should be left open to all manner of Impositions, and the whole World would be always plaguing one another; for wheré no Fear dwelt, the wicked Man would indulge his Inclinations, and we should but encourage all manner of Vice. I have been pretty obstinate in pursuing Revenge, when I have been persecuted even to the last Degree, yet I have never let it exceed the Provocation, and even then, have felt a greater Pain to injure, than in being injur'd, yet, I consulted this, that were I not to do it, I might, perhaps, be depriv'd of every thing but Ruin. There has been some, and of the Female too, who upon the bare Surmise of an Injury done 'em, have been so rash as to vow  
eternal



eternal Ruin, on all Events; nor have they desisted, until they have accomplish'd their Design, and for a trifling Wrong, have follow'd their Revenge, by dispersing and undoing those Families who have been their Benefactors, and deem'd most good and happy. This is the Instigation of Hell, the other moral Justice; nay, for a seeming Slight, tho' peradventure not meant, have they pursued their Cruelty, till ended in Death they have beheld with Triumph the unfortunate bleeding Victim. Good Heaven! what Inhumanity is this! may my Principle never be infected with these Crimes, but still confine itself to the equal Bounds of Justice.

The next, and last Subject I shall employ my Pen upon, is Friendship: This, by being only pretended to, and abus'd, is made a Vice, but, in reality, is the chiefest of Virtues; and the Person who would attain to the true Knowledge of this Blessing, must first be divested of all the Follies I have already describ'd, otherwise they cannot be qualified for an entire true Friendship; they are masculine, deceitful, and vile Follies; Friendship is compos'd of Sincerity, Softness, gentle Goodness, and all that sweetens the Soul of the heavenly-dispos'd Mortal; it delights in Virtue, and will be just,

because it admires Truth and Justice. If my most avow'd Enemy confides in me on any Account, I'll forfeit my Life e're I'll betray them: If I cannot conform myself to be over-and-above officious in serving them, their reposing Trust in me, shall never give me an Opportunity of wronging, exposing, or applying so mean a Revenge as Upbraiding; yet not so much for their Sakes neither, as the Pleasure I take in acquitting myself with Honour to all the World. Then how much greater must my Delight be in obliging, and being faithful to those I love and value? I would stick at nothing, that might be justly done, even to the Forfeiture of my own Peace and Repose, to gain either for my Friend: Were I to insert the many Instances I have given of this, I should but too greatly shew my Weakness in proclaiming my own Praise, and too justly expose the Ingratitudes of my pretended Friends. I shall, therefore, only wish 'em to follow my Rule, and consult Reason on all Occasions, which would quickly shew 'em how numerous are the Blessings of Friendship, and how much real Happiness is lost, by ungratefully and unjustly abusing the Sincerity of a faithful Companion: nevertheless, it shall still be my Glory, as far as possible I can, to continue and support this Principle, even to Strangers: I'll behave obliging to all, be desirous

rous of serving 'em, and procuring their Esteem, tho' I may suppose never to behold 'em more; for Life is precarious, and should I deem myself in no Want of a Friend To-day, a few Days, or Weeks more, may convey me to some distant Shore, or County, where this very Stranger may happen, thro' Gratitude, to secure me from the utmost Degree of Misery and Misfortune; I have even known this, for there are some who have Honesty enough to be grateful, or the World would undoubtedly be in a miserable State: Were I to enumerate on the Ideas I have of these Passions of Friendship and Gratitude, my Theme would exceed the Bounds of my Pen, and prove but tiresome, tedious, and displeasing, to those Readers who perhaps may be Strangers to the Nicety thereof.

Now I have finish'd my trifling Observations, perhaps the Female Reader won'd ask, what was to be done, to prove herself this perfect Thing I aim at, and how she may obtain the true Sense of Friendship and Sincerity. To resolve this reasonable Question, I'll conclude with a short Character of a once lov'd reigning Favourite, who had Beauty, Wit, and a thousand pleasing Virtues, to render her agreeable and aimable, even in the Eyes of Wisdom. Had she but had the few good Qualities, I  
think

think, she wanted, the World might justly have excus'd the general Failings of the Sex, and own'd that Heaven had done enough for Woman, in making one so perfect. If there are any who have bright *Efamanda's* Beauties, what they find deficient in her Character, let 'em add to theirs, so shall they surely obtain, what I have often wish'd that Fair-one, unshaken Happiness in this Life, and an Immensity of Joys hereafter.

*Efamanda* had Beauty without Blemish, and Wit without Ill-nature.

She had Sense without Discretion, Judgment without Penetration, Wisdom without Reflection, and Art without Policy. She had Goodness without Thought, Management without Conduct, and Resentment without Resolution.

She was an Enemy to Scandal, yet was credulous enough to believe it, when she heard it from another ; and to shew the just Difference she made between Merit, and the direct contrary, on the first she bestow'd due Praise, and on the latter her Favours.

*Occa-*



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# Occasional POEMS.

## CHLOE's Dream Expounded.

A familiar Epistle, in the manner of  
Mr. Prior, to Miss W-----n.

**F**orgive me *Chloe*, tender Maid,  
If my rude Strains offend thine Ear,  
If they one Moment's Bliss invade,  
Or tell what thou disdain'st to hear.

No Force of Charms has tun'd my Lays,  
Nor soft Desire, nor sweet Address,  
Nor do I write in *Chloe*'s Praise,  
Tho' every Bard her Worth confess.

A harder Task, Oh! dire Event!  
Shou'd *Chloe* once her Frowns diffuse,  
My Muse her Zeal would soon repent,  
And what she meant to blame, excuse.

To chide, she comes, fair *Chloe* too,  
Yet don't with Scorn the Muse deter,  
For glaring Faults she cannot shew,  
But *Chloe*'s mortal, and may err.

Some

Some sad Mishap, as yet unknown,  
 Some Love-sick Qualm, or Visit cross,  
 Some Favourite dead, or Parrot flown,  
 Or worse, perhaps, the Lap-dog lost.

For these does *Chloe* heave her Breast,  
 And spread the Lilly o'er the Rose;  
 Her Cheeks bedew, and break her Rest?  
 Ah, no! for greater Ills than those,

One Night, as beauteous *Chloe* slept,  
 (Had *Chloe* then not clos'd her Eyes,  
 But Love had still his Vigils kept,  
 Then I had still thought *Chloe* wise.)

The guardian Choir that near the Fair  
 Attend her Smiles, her Slumbers bless,  
 A while forsook their charming Care,  
 And Darkness veil'd the safe Recess.

As now defenceless *Chloe* lay,  
 Some sportive Demon, pleas'd to find,  
 The Maid asleep, her Guards away,  
 Approach'd, and thus possess'd her Mind.

She thought she saw her *Strephon* pale,  
 For Death had rift'd all his Store,  
 She view'd his Grave, she heard his Knell,  
 And Love, and *Strephon*, were no more.

A thousand *Cupids* round him stood,  
 Their Pinions flagg'd, their Bows unty'd,

His

His Fate they wept, their own deplor'd,  
Extinct their Power, for *Strephon* dy'd.

Bright *Sol* appear'd, and *Chloe* woke,  
The Slipper thrice had beat the Ground,  
The early Noise her Fears bespoke,  
And *Betty* heard the well known Sound.

Pert *Betty*, skill'd in every Art,  
Or to deceive, or to evade;  
Or sooth the flatter'd Fair-one's Heart;  
In short, a downright Chambermaid.

Yet *Chloe*'s Oracle was she,  
Resolves her Doubts, expounds her Tale;  
Nay, oft' in secret o'er her Tea,  
Does more than *Chloe* dares reveal.

Now *Betty* all thy Skill unfold,  
On thee poor *Chloe*'s Hope depends;  
Enough she cry'd, — the Dream is told,  
And thus, or *Betty* lyes, portends.

Your *Strephon*'s Death, is *Hymen*'s Rites,  
Some distant Fair shall *Strephon* wed;  
The Grave betokens, happy Nights  
In blissful Joys, the Marriage-bed.

The weeping *Cupids*, aptly shew  
From *Cupid*'s Dictates *Strephon* stray'd,  
To you shall *Strephon* break his Vow,  
And Love shall mourn his Truth decay'd.

Avert

Avert it Heaven ! ( pale *Chloe* said,  
And down the Tears like Rivers ran, )  
Is *Strephon* perjur'd ! Truth betray'd ?  
Then all my flattering Hopes are gone.

Be still ye Winds, be calm ye Seas,  
Nor boast your Strength o'er human Kind ;  
My Sighs, and Tears, worse Conflicts raise,  
Then swelling Sea, or blustering Wind.

For this, three Times the other Night  
I heard my Chamber Door unlock ;  
For this, did *Pompey's* Yells afright ;  
For this, incessant crew the Cock.

For this, the Knives were found across,  
For this, the Salt the Table spread ;  
And oh ! for this, ( unequall'd Loss ! )  
This Instant lies my Squirrel dead.

Can Reason, Learning, all dispence  
So small a Share in *Chloe's* Cause,  
That thus the Fair subverts her Sense,  
And thus demeans her Maker's Laws !

Look up, his radiant Power survey,  
Trace all the Wonders of the Skies ;  
The Eve, the Morn, the Night, the Day,  
So perview to unerring Eyes.

Then, next, thy charming Self behold,  
So soft, so sweet, so heavenly fair,

That



That Love might gaze till Time grew old,  
And but expiring, praise forbear.

When thou these Wonders right have scann'd,  
Let beauteous *Chloe's* Heart confess;

If it believes so great a Hand,  
Can deign to act absurd and base.

Say *Chloe*, can it dare suppose  
That he who those Foundations laid,  
Can meanly thus his Will disclose,  
To a poor canting Chamber-maid.

The Thought were meer Impiety,  
Fell Superstition's early Guide;  
Thy jarring Passion's Enmity,  
Thy every Ill that can betide.

Then wake thy lull'd, lethargick Mind,  
To Wisdom's Precepts, Reason's Rules;  
For these alone wer't thou design'd,  
Nor Tool for Knaves, nor Sport for Fools.

Pursue, dear Girl, the glorious Way,  
And Wisdom's Glories round thee beam;  
For whilst in Error's Paths you stray,  
Thy Life's an empty, idle Dream.

*To the Same, on her recommending  
COWLEY to me to read.*

TH O' *Cowley's* Numbers sweetly flow,  
And may, perhaps, my Genius fire;  
Thou more than *Cowley* can'st bestow,  
A brighter Genius to inspire.

On thee, (believe me) whilst I gaze,  
I need invoke no Muses Aid,

My Heart alone can tell my Lays,  
How they shou'd sing the charming Maid.

Wou'd Heaven in thee my Bliss comprise,  
By thee my richest Thoughts I'd dress,  
I'd draw Persuasion from thy Eyes,  
And with thy Beauties paint my Verse.

*To the Same.*

TELL me, ye Registers of Fate,  
Why thus my Soul with *Chloe* moves;  
Why I abhor whom she must hate,  
Or why I love whom *Chloe* loves.

Why when she frowns, my every Joy,  
To dark Oblivion sinks away;

Or why her Smiles my Cares destroy,  
And adds new Sun-shine to my Day.

Were she (bright Nymph) some Shepherd  
Then had I thought the little Loves [ Youth,  
Had bid me quit romantick Truth,  
And only doat whilst Beauty moves.

Said

Said Fortune most compleats our Bliss,  
 And Love with that flies swift away ;  
 That cold's the Touch, that faint's the Kiss,  
 When Wealth and Beauty both decay.

But this is something more divine,  
 For tho' my *Chloe's* Charms shou'd fade,  
 Her Beauty still to me wou'd shine,  
 Still I'd adore the heavenly Maid.

Tho' Fortune shunn'd her every Hour,  
 More dear to me wou'd *Chloe* prove,  
 Than if the Gods a golden Shower  
 Had sent to recompence my Love.

'Tis Friendship, noblest of the Mind,  
 'Tis that, that can this Difference make ;  
 The Links of that in Heaven are join'd,  
 Which Time, or Fortune, ne'er can break.

*Written in Mrs. V-----t's Fair  
 Circassian, on her asking me how I  
 lik'd the Poem.*

Sweetly, indeed, he sung *Saphira's* Praise,  
 But Love and Beauty tun'd alone his Lays ;  
 Ah ! cou'd *Saphira* half thy Virtues boast,  
 The Poet's Thoughts had been in Wonder lost.

*To a young Lady, who sent me the first  
Letter she ever wrote.*

G O on, dear Fair, and in each Line impart,  
Joy to the Sense, and Pleasure to the  
[Heart ;  
*Minerva's* Wit shall every Word indite,  
And her fair Hand shall guide your Pen to  
[ write ;  
That you, at length, in all her Arts may shine,  
And prove thy self, as that bright Nymph,  
[ divine.

Hail! happy Genius of the youthful Fair,  
That can so soon attain to what's so rare ;  
Thus early fought, you early find the way,  
And may you ne'er from early Wisdom stray,  
But be in Virtue, as in this improv'd,  
Excell'd by none, by all, admir'd and lov'd,

---

*My Farewel to Newington.*

F Arewel sweet *Newington*, and all thy Trains  
Of busy Fools, where Vice and Folly reigns ;  
A long Adieu to all thy flow'ry Meads,  
Thy purling Dikes, and Hogsty's cooling Shades.  
No more, alas, may I behold these Groves,  
Where harmless Pigs, in Grunts, repeat their  
Loves ;

No



No more the Screech-owl's pleasing Notes must charm

My ravish'd Ears, from tow'ring Top of Barn.  
 And must I leave thee, charming fair Abode,  
 Thy lofty Piles, and stately Walls of Mud;  
 Where all around, Delight and Pleasure spring,  
 And lovely Toads, in Concert, sweetly sing.  
 Sure *Jove* himself might own it not amiss,  
 To quit the Skies for such a Place as this;  
 My Mind misgives! — it must be *Eaden* fair,  
 The Spot which first produc'd the happy Pair.  
 Most sure it is, and *Eaden* shalt thou be,  
 For *Eves*, and Serpents, most inhabit thee:  
 Thy Fruits are ripe, — thy *Eves* are very kind,  
 Thy Serpents subtile, — and thy *Adams* Blind;  
 Sure such a Race, will hopeful Products shew,  
 And *Eaden* like, partake of *Eaden's* Woe.

*The Maiden's Wish.*

WERE I to chuse the greatest Bliss  
 That bounteous Heaven cou'd give,  
 'Twou'd be the highest of my Wish,  
 On some sweet Plain to live.

Obscure from City, Park, or Play,  
 Near Grot's where Flowers spring;  
 I'd hear contented all the Day  
 The Thrush, or Black-bird sing.

Then, in some lonely, shady Grove,  
At Eve, the Gods implore ;  
To crown those Joys with him I love,  
And who wou'd wish for more ?

*Written Extempore, in Seneca's Morals.*

**F**earless, with this, I'll tread the winding  
 [ Maze  
 Of fickle Life, nor Censure mind, nor Praise ;  
 Let Fortune smile, or frown, what e'er betide,  
 I cannot err, whilst *Seneca's* my Guide.

*Written Extempore, on Shakespear's Monument.*

**B**elieve me *Shakespear*, with Regret,  
I tell, what wou'd amaze one ;  
Thou hated'st Fools, yet here are set  
A Stock of Fools to gaze on.

*To a Youth, going to Sea.*

**I**F thou wilt go, adventurous Youth,  
May Virtue be thy Guide,  
May she, attended still by Truth,  
O'er all thy Ways preside.

May

May gentle Fortune ever smile,  
And thy Endeavours crown,  
Till noisy Fame thy Toils beguile,  
And raise thee to Renown.

So may bold *Boreas* blow no more,  
But *Zephyr's* kindly Gale  
Waft Prayers and Wishes from the Shore,  
Whilst you in Safety sail.

---

*To a Friend, who took it ill I never  
wrote in her Praise.*

Y O U think, dear Girl, I'm not sincere,  
Because I write in other's Praise,  
And whilst I scarce allow you fair,  
With them, too often, swell my Lays.

Believe me, Poets know to feign,  
And Truth in Verse is seldom found;  
Shou'd I in that your Worth proclaim,  
'Twou'd be no more than empty Sound.

But when whole Hours fix'd I gaze,  
Nor can my Eyes once brook Controul;  
'Tis then I truly sing your Praise,  
Since Looks, they say, convey the Soul.

And when with fond Delight I sit,  
To hear you talk, the live long Day,  
Most certain, I approve your Wit,  
Or I shou'd never chuse to stay.

This

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This, *Sylvia*, is the surest Way  
To shew who most admires your Charms;  
For Poets mean not what they say,  
The hollow Drum sounds forth Alarms.

---

*Contentment, to a Friend.*

T H I S small Repast, with her I love,  
By her dear Hand thus neatly dress'd,  
To me is more than if great *Jove*  
Had bid me to an heavenly Feast.

When e'er she fills the little Cup,  
(Tho' from the Spring she brings the Treat)  
With eager Joy I drink it up,  
And Nectar ne'er was half so sweet.

The Trencher which she laid herself,  
Tho' plain, and homely to behold,  
Is brighter than the Miser's Pelf,  
When form'd in Plates of shining Gold.

So where we love, the meanest Cell,  
Is Peace, is Pleasure's rich Retreat;  
Whilst gilded Courts, where Monarchs  
dwell.  
Are Dungeons black, with those we hate.



*To a Friend, on hearing she was grown Proud.*

**B** *Elinda* once had every Charm  
 That might a mighty World undo,  
 Her Eyes the coldest Heart cou'd warm,  
 Or make a perjur'd Lover true.

And tho' the Beauties of her Frame  
 Was Nature's Master-piece design'd,  
 Yet these were Trifles, cou'd you name  
 The double Beauties of her Mind.

But since loud Fame, with spreading Wing,  
 Her little Soul to Pride betray'd,  
*Belinda* is an empty Thing.  
 And all her Beauties are decay'd.

---

*On her late Majesty's Funeral Proceſſion.*

**R** AISE, lovely mourning \* Fair, thy  
 drooping Head,  
 For Royal *Carolina* is not dead;  
 She's only † hither in Proceſſion brought,  
 To be with nobler Crowns, and Honours  
 fraught.

\* *Her Highneſs Princeſs Emelia, who was chief Mourner.*

† *Westminſter-Abbey, where ſhe was crown'd Queen Conſort of England.*

'Twas

166 Occasional P O E M S.

'Twas here our *Britons* made her first a  
 Queen,  
 The greatest *Britons* Sons had ever seen ;  
 You wept not then, but shew'd a Face of Joy,  
 Which bid the slavish World their Cares destroy.  
 Then, where's the Difference now, 'tis thus,  
 behold,  
 This Crown is Glory, that before, was Gold.

---

*The Reflection.*

W H E N all alone the other Day,  
 My anxious Heart I chid,  
 And told the Sighs it wou'd convey,  
 What little Good they did.

Alas! said I, poor senseless Thing,  
 These Sighs are all in vain ;  
 Nor does thy *Strephon* care one Pin,  
 Tho' thou shoud'st burst with Pain.

'Tis true, the Youth once bid thee know  
 His Soul cou'd share thy Lot,  
 But what of that, 'twas long ago,  
 And *Strephon* has forgot.

*Strephon* can now new Faces see,  
 And each can yield Delight ;  
*Strephon* can smile, nor think on thee,  
 And *Strephon* sleeps at Night.

Then

Then why shou'd'st thou alone despair,  
 And spend thy Time in vain;  
 Waste Days and Nights, in fruitless Care,  
 For such a faithless Swain.

Ah! cease to chide, reply'd my Heart,  
 Thou little know'st of Love;  
 Tho' I shou'd pine with endless Smart,  
 And he ungrateful prove.

Sooner may Age be chang'd to Youth,  
 Or Mountains flit in Air;  
 Then can a Soul possess'd of Truth,  
 Forget to be sincere.

*On Mr. Whitfield, when his Voyage  
 was hinder'd by the Press.*

RETURN, bright Youth, to bless once  
 more our Plains,  
 And with thy Presence cheer the drooping  
 Swains,

The angry Fates, you see, obstruct your Way,  
 And even Kingdoms, jarr, to force your Stay.

Then cross 'em not, but to thy Flock return,  
 For well thou know'st, thy Absence much  
 they mourn;  
 Nor leave us now, in this perplex'd Estate,  
 But stay, and with thy Prayers, avert our Fate.

'Twere

'Twere meerly Folly, *France* or *Spain* to fear,  
 If you remain our Guardian Angel here ;  
 Vintners again shall flourish, void of Care,  
 And Hackney Coachmen rest secure of Fare.

And thou, O *Kennington*, above the rest,  
 So highly honour'd, more than honour'd,  
 blest'd ;

To thee in Throngs, our Heroes shall resort,  
 And own thy Gallows fairer than a Court.

'Twas here he proffer'd, for the publick Good,  
 Freely to lose his Freedom, or his Blood ;  
 Whilst antient Matrons Eyes with Tears ran  
 o'er,

And some, who long had wept, cou'd weep no  
 more.

Then since our Safety is thy only Aim,  
 Say thou'lt abide, and *England's* Peace proclaim:  
 Oh ! happy Nation ! great must be thy Joy,  
 When Gin, and *Whitfield*, can thy Cares destroy.

---

*Britania's Promise : Or, The Loyal  
 Shepherd.*

*Written when the War was proclaim'd against  
 Spain.*

CALM was the Evening, near the Close of  
 Day,

Sol on the Streams had cast his parting Ray ;  
 The



The beauteous Flowers reclin'd their sleepy  
[ Heads,  
And Nymphs, and Swains, repos'd on mossy  
Beds :

The wakeful Nightingale flew o'er the Plain,  
To fix her Station for her nightly Strain.

Now, Midst the Fountains, in a pleasant  
Glade,

Where bending Mountains form'd a cooling  
Shade ;

Sad *Strephon* waited Death's approaching Call,  
Whilst thus in Tears, he mourn'd his Country's  
Fall.

Ah, *Britain ! Britain !* cry'd the weeping  
Swain,

Thy Toils are fruitless, fruitless is thy Pain ;  
The haughty *Spaniard* scorns so weak a Foe,  
Thy very Looks, proclaims thy Overthrow.

Where's now thy Generals, whose victorious  
Hand

Repell'd thy Foes, and gave thy Youths  
Command,

Is O — d now, or mighty *Marlborough* here,  
To shew Examples, and thy Soldiers cheer ?

No, coward-like, unable to defend,  
Now must thou fight till Desolation end.  
He cou'd no more, for Sighs had interpos'd,  
The dreadful Scene his Fears at length disclos'd  
Had rend his Breast.

Q

When

When in a Trice, presented to his View,  
A lovely Nymph, the Face he thought he knew ;  
*Britannia* was her Name, Fame in her Hand,  
She wav'd her Scepter thrice, with this  
Command.

Cease *Strepson*, cease, I charge thee, cease  
thy Grief,  
The Gods above have vow'd thy Land Relief ;  
*England* once more her Valour shall retrieve,  
And Laws again to mighty Kingdoms give.

Tho' *Marlborough* is deceas'd, and O—d's  
fled,  
Let not with them thy valiant Hopes lie dead :  
Here's *Frederick*, *William*, and a thousand more,  
Can do again, what has been done before.

Great *George's* Reign, successful still shall  
prove,  
Renown'd for Conquests, as 'tis blest'd with  
Love.

*The benighted Shepherd.* A FABLE.

A Shepherd once had lost his Way,  
And by a Grotto chanc'd to stray ;  
A Grot he ne'er had seen before,  
Which rais'd his Wonder, more, and more :  
He view'd the Shades, and Fountains too,  
And swore 'twas beautiful, and new :

What

What Trees are here, what lovely Springs!  
 Here's Meat for Gods, and Drink for Kings!  
 Then down he sits him on the Ground,  
 Admir'd the Hills, and Vallies round;  
 The Prospect so engag'd his Heart,  
 He ne'er remember'd to depart:  
 At length, to make my Story short,  
 Came Night, and spoil'd the Shepherd's Sport:  
 The frighted Youth beheld the Gloom,  
 And seem'd to bode some fatal Doom;  
 He curs'd the Scene that charm'd his Stay,  
 And mourn'd, in Tears, his long Delay.  
 Ah! simple Swain, what have I done,  
 I shou'd have sought my peaceful Home:  
 Now I, unthinking, silly, Spark,  
 Must grope, and grovel, in the Dark:  
 Perhaps lie mangled on the Ground,  
 Or in some nasty Ditch be drown'd.

### The M O R A L.

Thus foolish Mortals, waste their Days,  
 On gilded Toys, deluded gaze;  
 Trace o'er each sinful, vain Delight,  
 For now 'tis Day, 'twill ne'er be Night;  
 Till in some dreadful sudden sort  
 Comes meagre Death, and spoils the Sport.  
 'Tis then they view the dismal Gloom,  
 Expect their just deserved Doom;

Bewail in Tears, their lost Estate,  
Proclaim their Error, when too late :  
And as the simple Swain has done,  
Wish they had sought their peaceful Home.

---

*Look before you Leap.* A FABLE.

**A**S by the Sea a Shepherd stray'd,  
Who long had lov'd a faithless Maid ;  
And now grown weary of his Life,  
Concludes to in, and end the Strife.  
High on a Rock, he mounts with Speed,  
A Rock, well plac'd for such a Deed ;  
From whence, prepar'd himself to throw  
To feast the gaping Fish below.  
He posts him near the very Brink,  
Can face grim Death, and never shrink ;  
Ah ! farewell *Chloe*, cry'd the Swain,  
I'll sigh no more for thy Disdain,  
Yet when I'm gone, you'll weep too late,  
A wretched Shepherd's lost Estate.  
Then on his bended Knees he falls,  
And next, to Heaven for Mercy calls :  
Now, having nothing more to do,  
He hastes his Purpose to pursue ;  
But ere he takes the fatal Step,  
Resolves to look, before he'll leap.  
Then down he casts his mournful Eyes,  
Beholds the Gulph with vast Surprise ;

The



The dreadful Sight soon eas'd his Pain,  
 And down the Rock he crawls again.  
 No, *Chloe*, no, 'tshall ne'er be said,  
 That in that Gulph lies *Strephon* dead:  
 Thy perjur'd Sex shall never boast,  
 So true a Swain, so idly lost;  
 I'll home, and feed my Father's Cows,  
 Secure my Flocks, and mind my Ploughs:  
 And if in Love, again I fall,  
 Another Time shall finish all.

## The M O R A L.

Thus oft' on some great Purpose bent,  
 We steer our Course, with Mind intent:  
 Nor think we on the Gulph below,  
 In which our lasting Peace we throw.  
 Now, if, as did the wary Swain,  
 We'd stop to view the boundless Main;  
 What mighty Ills, might we escape  
 By looking thus before we leap.

---

*The Moralizing Rook.* A F A B L E.

A Youth sat fishing by a Brook,  
 Nigh, on a Tree, an ancient Rook  
 Who long had harbour'd there secure,  
 And now, of Life, and Lodging sure.

As grave as Owl, as Woodcock wife,  
Down on the Shepherd fix'd her Eyes,  
And thus began to moralize.  
Ah ! Swain, said she, thy Looks are fair,  
Yet thy Intent is to ensnare :  
How calm's thy Brow, how sweet thy Smile ;  
Yet Death's thy Purpose all the while.  
False Man, for all things ill design'd,  
So you go on, thro' every Kind ;  
No Trap so vile, but thou can'st set ;  
And all is Fish, that comes to Net ;  
How bless'd am I, thus safe to be  
From thy deceitful Hook, and thee.  
She scarce had said, when the young Swain  
Pull'd forth his Line, to fling again ;  
When in its Way, the dangerous Hook,  
Lit on the Tree, and catch'd the Rook :  
And dying now, she finds too late,  
The thoughtless Error prov'd her Fate.  
Ah ! Fool, cry'd she, why staid I here,  
When I beheld a Foe so near ;  
To some lone Shade, shou'd I have fled,  
Where wicked Shepherds never tread.  
All Birds, henceforth be warn'd by me,  
And fly whene'er a Man you see ;  
Nor whilst you muse on others Woes,  
Believe yourselves secure from Foes ;  
Least you like me, your Error find,  
And fill the Snare for them design'd.

The

## The MORAL.

So, when some cringing Foe is nigh,  
Swift, as is Lightning, shou'd we fly ;  
For most he charms, who most beguiles,  
And Death lies often hid in Smiles.

---

*The Dream.* A F A B L E.

I N antient Times, as Sages tell,  
*Sylvia*, and *Collin*, both did dwell  
Together in a shady Grove,  
A fit Retreat for Peace and Love.  
Their Dwelling suited their Intent,  
Which ne'er was for Ambition bent ;  
And all young *Collin* wish'd in Life,  
Was just to live, and please his Wife.  
The lovely She, as *Venus* fair,  
Indulg'd her Swain, with Soul sincere ;  
Nor was she taught (as others do,)  
Unlawful Pleasures to pursue.  
Nor envy'd she a higher State,  
For to be good, to her was great :  
A fertile Spot, was their Support,  
To which the Swain did oft' resort ;  
To watch his Fruits, and plant his Flow'rs,  
And, in Industry, waste his Hours.  
One fatal Day, amongst the rest,  
For ever fix'd in *Collin's* Breast ;  
As to avoid the sultry Heat,  
Within a Shade he chose a Seat ;

And

And on his Hand his Head reclin'd,  
 An idle Dream possess'd his Mind :  
 He thought he saw his *Sylvia* dress'd,  
 In Robes of Silk, and of the best.  
 A Train of Courtiers by her Side,  
 And thus a grave Diviner cry'd ;  
 Rise, *Collin*, rise, to Court repair,  
 Thou shalt be made a Monarch there.  
 Thy *Sylvia* too, a Queen shall be,  
 And *Sylvia* sure is dear to thee :  
 Ay, that, quoth *Coll.* you need not doubt ;  
 Then rubs his Eyes, and stares about.  
 Methinks, says he, this Dream is strange ;  
 I'm sure, I wou'dn't wish to change  
 My happy State, a King to be,  
 And yet my *Sylvia*'s dear to me.  
 So said the Sage, it must be so,  
 And since it must, to Court I'll go ;  
 For sure for lovely *Sylvia*'s Sake,  
 A greater Task I'd undertake.  
 Then up he starts, and swift as Wind,  
 He posts, and leaves his Spouse behind ;  
 But found at length, the great Event,  
 Was to return just as he went :  
 His little Spot unguarded lay,  
 His Fruits, and Flow'rs, were stoll'n away :  
 And fretting now, his Hands he wrings,  
 Assures 'em, Dreams are idle Things,  
 Which may make Slaves, but never Kings. }  
The



## The M O R A L.

So, tempted by some dreaming Scheme,  
 Or Words as idle as a Dream;  
 We quit our Peace, and oft' repair,  
 To seek for Castles — in the Air;  
 Till thus deceiv'd, at leng'h we find,  
 That Dreams, are Dreams, and Words are  
 Wind.

---

*The Rose and Poppy.* A F A B L E.

A Lovely Rose, of beauteous Hue,  
 Once in a spacious Garden grew;  
 A Poppy near, which oft' had seen  
 The stately Flower's haughty Mein;  
 With Envy fir'd, repuls'd her Pride,  
 And thus, in scornful Tauntings cry'd;  
 Vain, silly Rose, you little know,  
 Your Beauty works your Overthrow:  
 For when your curious Master's dress'd,  
 He'll pluck thee, to adorn his Breast;  
 Where, ere the Sun is set, you'll fade,  
 And all your Beauties be decay'd.  
 Then, from his Breast, the careless Swain,  
 Will fling his Rose, with cold Disdain;  
 There trodden under Foot you'll lie,  
 Your Charms forgot, unheeded die.

So

So on thy Beauty ne'er depend,  
 Since with the Day, its Date may end;  
 Whilst I, who ne'er cou'd boast a Charm,  
 May rest secure from future Harm:  
 By none admir'd, by none I'm sought;  
 But you by all, by all are caught.

### The M O R A L.

Thus, simple Women, whilst admir'd,  
 By Praise made vain, Ambition fir'd;  
 Thinks Fortune's Stores, for them design'd;  
 But ne'er considers, Fortune's blind:  
 Till, like a Flower, their Bloom decay'd,  
 They on some Traytor's Bosom fade:  
 Then, thrown from thence, to ruin run,  
 And She most fair, is most undone.

---

### On R E A S O N.

O Reason! faithful Guide to Peace,  
 How few are rul'd by thee:  
 How soon might every Discord cease,  
 Wer't thou alone to be  
 The happy Monarch, whose Command,  
 Might all our Actions sway,  
 Whose gentle Check, whose tender Hand,  
 The Roughest might obey.

No dire Oppression, from afar,  
Wou'd wreck the Subjects Breast ;  
No courtly Broils, or needles War,  
Wou'd break the Soldier's Rest.

Religion's pure, unspotted Law,  
(The sordid Prelates Tool ;  
To keep the Rebel Crew in awe,  
And cloak the biggot Fool)

Wou'd then, in brightest, Colours shine,  
Reliev'd from black Deceit ;

The harden'd Atheist, turn Divine,  
And Priests forget to cheat ;

No more the Wretched's Cry in vain  
Wou'd reach the Miser's Door ;

No more the Great wou'd Laws maintain  
To rob th' unhappy Poor ;

No more wou'd Innocence betray'd,  
Of Injuries complain ;

No more wou'd sigh the constant Maid,  
For the ungrateful Swain ;

No more wou'd Cruelty be thought  
A Sacrifice Divine ;

No more wou'd impious Men be brought  
To kneel at *Satan's* Shrine ;

No more wou'd the avaritious Knave,  
Betray his Friend for Gold ;

For thou cou'd'st tell him, in the Grave,  
There's nothing bought, or sold.

And

And tho' that long ill-gotten Gold  
May feast his Sight to Day,

May not To-morrow's Sun behold,  
Himself to Worms a Prey?

What's then, mistaken Man! this Wealth,  
Of which thou mak'st thy Boast;

Will that from Death procure thee Health,  
Or save the Soul it lost.

Ah! no, that Judge, severe, yet just;  
Nor Words, nor Bribe, can charm,

Thy blameless Life, thy Virtues, must  
Alone his Rage disarm.

Wou'd'st thou such endless Riches gain,  
As never can decay;

Ambition's powerful Charm disdain,  
That short liv'd Winter's Day.

And to be great, be good and wise,  
Be merciful, and brave;

Do not the Widows Tears despise,  
Or triumph o'er the Slave:

For tho' thou mighty art this Hour;  
A Time at length may be,

When those thou scorn'st, will mock thy  
Power,

And be more fam'd than thee.

Ah! think on this, and be no more,  
The horrid Thing thou art;

But all thy Guardian's Aid implore  
To fortify thy Heart.

Then,



Then, be a Knight in Virtue's Cause,  
And faithful to thy Trust ;

Wou'd'st thou consult but Reason's Laws,  
They'd teach thee to be just.

For where so e'er she doth reside,  
Immortal Crowns are given ;

May she be ever C——t's Guide,  
And point her Way to Heaven.

*The Quiver; Or, Cupid's Prophecy.*

A TALE.

N E A R to a Place of antient Fame ;

I think, St. *Catherine's* is its Name :

There stands a Hill, on that a Court ;

Where Loves, and Graces, oft' resort

To pass a tedious Hour away,

And midst the Female Beauties stray ;

For you must know, in Times of old,

This Court was fam'd for beauteous Mold :

O! may it still, in Times to come,

Produce the best, in *Christendom* :

Here, little *Cupid* (wanton Boy)

Lost on a Day, his darling Toy,

A Golden Quiver, full of Darts ;

He'd lately drawn from bleeding Hearts,

Full well he knew, the subtle Sex

Created only to perplex ;

R

Wou'd

Wou'd ne'er again the Prize return,  
But joy to see poor *Cupid* mourn :  
Unless, by Stratagem he spy'd  
The Cheat too plain to be deny'd.  
Just at the Entrance of the Gate,  
There stands a little close Retreat ;  
Obscure from any vulgar Eye,  
Yet *Cupid* mark'd it, passing by ;  
Hither, the Fair-one's often came  
To talk of Churchmen, Love, or Fame ;  
And tell Miss *Betty*, what at Night,  
In Dreams had yielded most Delight ;  
The cunning Urchin, justly thought,  
The Quiver might be thither brought ;  
For Gossips love, you know, to tell,  
When ought that's new, have them besel.  
Pleas'd with the Scheme, he enter'd in,  
Resolv'd to watch the Girls unseen ;  
And Gods unseen do often go,  
To Ladies Chambers, to and fro ;  
Perch'd on the Knob of *Betty's* Chair,  
( The only Place for one to hear )  
Fast sat the God, nor budg'd, nor spoke,  
When serious *Sall*, first Silence broke ;  
Bless us ! said she, 'tis somewhat strange,  
'Tis almost Six, and yet no Change,  
Scarce had she said, when in came three,  
As odd old Maids, as you shall see ;

Sisters

Sisters by Birth, and Calling too,  
 Three hopeful Weeds, as ever grew :  
 Witness, the many Nights, and Days,  
 They spend in founding *Whitfield's* Praise,  
*B—t H—t* sprightly, young, and gay,  
 Blyth as a Bird in flowery *May*,  
 Next passing by, steps in to see  
 Who plays at Cards, or who drinks Tea ;  
 With smiling Face, and Looks serene,  
 The Emblems of her Soul within ;  
 Looks, never form'd to hide a Cheat,  
 As free from Care, as from Deceit ;  
 Close after her, with nimble Pace,  
 Deceitful Smile, and fallow Face,  
 Prim *B—b* comes, to none sincere ;  
 A pert, conceited, thoughtle's Fair ;  
 Her chief Profession, is, you know,  
 \* Wisdom, and Learning, to bestow :  
 Of both so liberal, silly Elf,  
 She ne'er keeps any for herself.  
*M—ll B—b* too, a married she,  
 Fail'd not to head the Company ;  
 A Gossip true, as e'er cou'd cant,  
 An Hypocrite, as e'er look'd Saint ;  
 Her early Thoughts she fix'd on Men,  
 Yet trifles still, like Girls of Ten ;

\* *This Person was a School Mistress.*

With some, not worthy to rehearse,  
Whose very Names, wou'd spoil my Verse :  
Seated they were, and fix'd in Chat,  
Of idle Stories, this, and that ;  
Scandals were undeserv'dly rais'd,  
Many were censur'd, few were prais'd.  
By one, a Secret long conceal'd,  
To *Bet* in Whispers, is reveal'd,  
Another prates of Mode, and Dress,  
And each, her way, her Thoughts confess ;  
But not one Word about the Quiver,  
Did any Mortal once deliver.  
Discourse at length was almost ended,  
And anxious *Cupid's* Hopes suspended ;  
When deck'd in Beauty's Pomp, appear'd  
The brightest Nymph that e'er endear'd ;  
So sweet her Face, so soft her Air ,  
She's fairest deem'd, where all are fair :  
The trembling Boy beholds her come,  
And fears to meet a fatal Doom ;  
Thinking at first, 't had been his Mother,  
For scarce you'd know the one from t'other :  
But when approach'd to nearer View,  
His dear *Maria*, well he knew ;  
And saw his Quiver on her Breast,  
A Place, where only Gods shou'd rest.  
Perplex'd, that she, whom most he lov'd,  
His direst Enemy had prov'd ;

He



He dropt his Bow, and with a Sigh,  
Cry'd tell me Charmer, tell me why,  
Thy faithful Slave so long I've been,  
So oft' avow'd thee Beauty's Queen,  
Yet thus rewarded, am at last,  
For all my tender Service past;  
Was it for this, the other Day,  
When by your Side, I wing'd my Way;  
I made the Beaux in Crowds admire,  
And on the \* Wharf, set all on Fire.  
Ingrateful Girl, relieve my Pain,  
Return that Quiver back again;  
Which on thy snowy Bosom lies,  
And Tears have drawn from *Cupid's* Eyes.  
The Nymph surpriz'd, thus blushing said,  
Prithee excuse a harmless Maid;  
Upon my Word, I knew it not,  
Nor how your Quiver thither got:  
Except, when playing with my Hair,  
To string your Bow, you dropt it there;  
I boast no Pride in wounding Hearts,  
Or ever wish'd for *Cupid's* Darts.  
Be Peace, and Wisdom, only mine,  
Your Quiver freely I resign:

\* Tower Wharf, a Place where the young  
Inhabitants of that Neighbourhood generally take  
their Evening's Walk.

## 186 Occasional P O E M S.

He bow'd, and clapp'd his Wings for Joy,  
 O! happy *Cupid*, prosperous Boy!  
 O! doubly happy, be the Fair,  
 That thus have eas'd thy anxious Care;  
 Then hovering o'er her lovely Head,  
 He, ere he flew, prophetick said;  
 Since Peace, and Wisdom's thy Request,  
 Of all Desires, sure the best!  
 That thou shalt seek, nor seek in vain,  
 For thou shalt every Wish obtain:  
 Virtue, Sincerity, and Truth,  
 Shall be thy Guides, and learn thy Youth,  
 For these, are Wisdom's darling Friends,  
 And won't deceive for private Ends:  
 But teach thy Soul such lively Joy,  
 As Death, or Fate, can ne'er destroy.  
 So, when old Time thy Form shall fade,  
 And outward Beauties be decay'd;  
 Even Foes, (if Foes you have) shall say,  
 That Nymph has Charms, which can't decay:  
 He stopp'd, then careless took his Flight,  
 In *Venus's* Arms to spend the Night;  
 And left the frighted Crew to gaze,  
 Struck dumb by Wonder, in a Maze;  
 Till each with Envy, droop'd her Head,  
 Bid *Bet* good Night, and sneak'd to Bed.

## To Cloe.,

AS thro' the fond admiring Croud,  
Gay *Cloe* trip'd a long;  
And Courtier like, fair Smiles bestow'd,  
To sooth the wishing Throng.

Stay *Cloe*, -- stay, -- Cried out the Love,  
That always tends the Fair;  
If e'er thy Heart shou'd cease to rove,  
I prithee, fix it there.

Midst that bright Croud, there stands a Youth,  
Well known to Love and Fame;  
In whose great Soul, thy self and Truth,  
Co-equal Partners reign.

No sensual Hope, or vain Desire  
Of being talk'd thy Slave;  
No short-liv'd Flame, which soon expire,  
As fated Bliss deprave.

When Art, and Beauty, please no more,  
And even I've resign'd;  
That Sense that prais'd the Face before,  
Will still adore the Mind.

Ha!--say'st thou!--*Cupid*!--tell me who?  
In Rapture answer'd She;  
*Strephon* approach'd,--the Boy withdrew,  
And softly cried--'tis he.

To

*To a Young Lady who desir'd me to  
write some Lines on the Pleasure  
she found in a lonely Rural Retirement.*

SINCE your Request, my favourite Fair,  
My feeble Muse inspire ;  
Attend,--forgive,--or if she dare  
A nobler Fate desire ;

Weigh light her Faults,--and smiling say,  
--The Piece was well design'd ;  
And tho' you can't approve the Lay,  
At least--accept the Mind.

Oh ! cou'd my Sense such Prospects scan,  
As Wisdom's Force cou'd give ;  
In spite of Art's unfinish'd Plan,  
My matchless Theme shou'd live.

My Verse shou'd with my Wishes soar,  
To thee new Temples raise ;  
'Till Sense and Art cou'd charm no more,  
And Time grew Deaf with Praise.

But we, to humbler Views confin'd,  
No lofty Summits boast ;  
No healing Dews,--no soothing Wind,  
To cheer our barren Coast.

The



The shallow Streams that swells my Muse,  
Receives no friendly Shower ;  
The splendid Train their Gems refuse,  
To dress her empty Bower.

No Strength her poor Foundations fix,  
No Day her Night succeeds ;  
And balmy Sweets disdain to mix  
Amidst her tasteless Weeds.

Then, say--can we thy Praises sing ?  
And, yet, we boldly dare,  
To greet thee Empress of the Spring,  
More sweet,--and twice as fair.

Oh ! ever happy ! ever gay !  
May all thy Moments prove ;  
May all thy Years be flow'ry *May*,  
Adorn'd with blooming Love.

May thorny Brakes of fading Care,  
Be rooted from thy Plains ;  
And may thy Shepherds be sincere,  
As is thy Poet's Strains.

Shou'd gilded Pomp thy Peace invade,  
Or noisy Shew intrude ;  
May still thy Thoughts be humble Shade,  
And heavenly Solitude.

May Joy, and Truth, inspir'd by those,  
Thy Soul's Companions be ;  
Or, if a Third shou'd interpose,  
Ah ! let it--Love--be me.

*On*

*On seeing a Leaf blown to and fro by  
the Wind, which at length rested  
on the Author's Bosom.*

GO,---busy Emblem of the Fair,  
To *Delia's* Breast thy Flight pursue;  
Go,---tell her---you resemble her,  
As light,---as worthless,---and untrue.  
Tell her,---like thee, with ev'ry Blast,  
Her gee-gaw Friendships come and go;  
Too small to strike,---too weak to last,  
A giddy,--airy,--empty Show.  
Go,--tell her this,--and bid her see,  
How pale thou look'st since yester day;  
False *Delia's* Bloom shall change like thee,  
As unlamented,--fade away.  
Thus,--with a Breath I thee remove,  
Thou little Ape of senseless Youth;  
So blown to Air be *Delia's* Love,  
Her brittle Vows,--and faded Truth.

---

*On Delia and Silvia.*

WHEN e'er I view bright *Delia's* Form,  
In Wonder lost, I trembling gaze;  
Her Cheeks surpass the blushing Morn,  
Her Eyes the Sun's inferior Rays.

As faithful Souls to Altars go.  
With sacred Awe,--I slowly move ;  
Like them,--incessant Praise bestow,  
Like them,--adore that Heav'n of Love !

But when I'm absent from the Fair,  
The weak Idea swiftly flies,  
And leaves my Breast as free as Air,  
The Poison only catch'd the Eyes.

But when by *Silvia's* Side I sit,  
Soft Rapture glows in ev'ry Vein ;  
Like Light'ning darts her keener Wit,  
And bids my Soul her Worth proclaim.

Tho' *Silvia* every Charm cou'd boast,  
By *Venus* form'd,--for Love design'd ;  
The Beauties all to me were lost,  
In greater Beauties,--*Silvia's* Mind.

So, tho' I'm absent from the Fair,  
Her wond'rous Worth can ne'er depart ;  
My lovely *Silvia's* always near,  
I wear her Virtues in my Heart.

---

*To a Lady, who having' a Cold in her  
Eye, wore a Piece of Silk over it.*

AS by his fav'rite *Flavia's* Side,  
Enamour'd *Cupid* smiling stood,  
Survey'd the Nymph in all her Pride,  
And view'd the fond admiring Crowd.

Each

Each Glance she gave,--each heaving Breast  
Proclaim'd the wretched Youth's undone ;  
Nay,--ev'n Beaux,--the Force confest,  
And vainly strove their Fate to shun.

Now,--cried the Boy,--too late I've found,  
Why Beauty's Queen neglected lies ;  
Why *Cupid's* Darts have fail'd to wound,  
Tho' Swains in Number, hourly dies.

To me--no more their Vows they pay,  
No more my empty Shrine adore ;  
To *Flavia's* Eyes their Wounds they lay,  
Of *Flavia's* Eyes, the Balm implore.

Ah, cruel Fair ! reverse the Doom,  
Nor let Love's God desire in vain ;  
He dealt thee Power ; thus to assume  
Imperial Sway, usurps his Reign.

Good natur'd *Flavia*,--free as Air,  
Nor Foe to Love,--or soft Desire ;  
Assur'd the God, she'd frankly share,  
And draw a Veil o'er half the Fire.

Forbear, bright Nymph,--both Stars display,  
Nor let the Sun his Lustre loose ;  
While they decline, refulgent Day,  
But half his Lights o'er Heaven diffuse.

Since what they wound thy Charms can heal,  
The Pains may gladly be endur'd ;  
And, who wou'd not worse Tortures feel,  
To be so sweetly, sweetly cur'd.

Cupid's



## Cupid's Ramble. A Tale.

**C**UPID play'd Truant on a Day,  
 And to fair *London* wing'd his Way,  
 Where, like a Thief, about the Town,  
 He skulk'd in Corners up and down,  
 In Fear, lest some malicious Fair  
 Should know the God of Love was there;  
 And to revenge the Loss of Hearts,  
 Secure himself, or else his Darts;  
 A Whim at length came in his Head,  
 As *Cupid* oft' has Whims, 'tis said;  
 A cringing Courtier he appears,  
 And straight to Court the Idiot steers;  
 But, tho' disguis'd, they knew his Face,  
 And Love at Court cou'd get no Place.  
 Dismay'd at this, away he hies,  
 An antient Structure he espies;  
*Westminster-Hall* it chanc'd to be,  
 Where honest Lawyers take a Fee;  
 A Council here he stiles himself,  
 In hopes to paum the Client's Pelf;  
 But dounce a single Souce got he,  
 For Love and Law cou'd ne'er agree;  
 A Doctor next, he boasts his Arts,  
 The only Cure for wounded Hearts;  
 But not a Patient cou'd be found,  
 The People's Hearts were safe and sound.

S

At

At length to *Drury* goes the Lad,  
 And who'd go there, that wasn't mad ?  
 Where Vice in every Place abound,  
 Where Friend to Love was never found ;  
 Where foul Desire, and Hope of Gain,  
 Is all the Honour they maintain :  
 However, tho' he this foresaw,  
 Necessity has now no Law ;  
 To pretty *Sally* he applies,  
 He view'd good Nature in her Eyes ;  
 Her Page, or Lackey, fain he'd be,  
 To fetch her Spark,--or make her Tea :  
 Oh ! may fair *Venus* never know,  
 Her wretched Son has stoop'd so low ;  
 From her bright Palace,--froward Imp !  
 To *Drury-lane* to be a Pimp.  
 But here his Schemes were laid aside,  
 For *Sally* ne'er cou'd Love abide :  
 She ken'd the God,--fly cunning Jade,  
 And fear'd his Stay shou'd spoil her Trade.  
 Since here no Succour cou'd be found,  
 He stroll'd the Countries round and round ;  
 At length he spy'd an humble Cell,  
 Perchance, said he, Love here may dwell ;  
 Then at the Portret rap'd aloud,  
 And as he enter'd blush'd, and bow'd ;  
 For none he e'er had seen before,  
 Compar'd with her who ope'd the Door ;  
 Tho,

Tho' plain her Drefs, her Looks were sweet,  
So Innocence and Virtue meet.

Hail, heav'nly Dwelling ! *Cupid* cried,  
Where such unbounded Bliss abide ;  
Then, on his Knees--Bright Maid, said he,  
Behold, the God of Love you see ;  
Nor can Disguise, or Fear of Harms,  
Conceal me from thy matchless Charms.  
And art thou *Cupid*, said the Maid,  
Who has so many Hearts betray'd ?  
Wound not so poor a Breast as mine,  
As yet no Vot'ry to thy Shrine ;  
Ah ! fear thee not,--here let me stay,  
I'll throw my pois'nous Darts away ;  
I'll burn my Quiver,--break my Bow,  
For Love can ne'er be Virtue's Foe.  
The Nymph consented,--in he went,  
And to this Moment finds Content ;  
When e'er his Mother looks awry,  
To this fair Cottage doth he fly ;  
Hid in the Down of *Nancy's* Breast,  
Of more, and greater Joys posselt,  
Than were he in the gilded Train,  
Or Monarch o'er the World to reign ;  
Sweet *Nancy's* Eyes are now his Darts,  
With them alone he conquers Hearts.

*The W I S H.*

**W** I T H Thoughts disturb'd, - perplex'd  
I rove,

Nor fill'd with Jealousy, nor Love ;  
Nor care I what attends the Great,  
Or do I wish for Pomp, or State.  
And Wealth to me's an idle Toy,  
What every Blockhead may enjoy.

All I desire's an humble Cell,  
Where Peace and Truth, unenvy'd dwell ;  
Retir'd from Crowds of busy Fools,  
That break my Rest, or spoil my Rules,  
And like their ancient Sire, the Devil,  
Are still projecting some new Evil.

With this same Cottage, bounteous Heav'n !  
Let some small Competence be given,  
Just to subsist, -- and nothing more,  
But as they say, -- *Keep Wolf from Door.*

And if the Sum of all you'd send,  
Some kind Companion, faithful Friend,  
With whom alone to spend my Days,  
To whom alone to tune my Lays ;  
Then if a Grief enslav'd my Mind,  
The careful Friend a Cure shou'd find ;  
Or if a Joy o'erflow'd my Breast,  
Partook by both, 'twou'd be increas'd.

But



But since so hard it is to find,  
 A Spark of Truth in human kind,  
 I'll hope not that,--but gladly be  
 Content with sweet Philosophy;  
 To that I'll sing, to that I'll talk,  
 With that I'll sleep, with that I'll walk;  
 Or if in Doubts I wander o'er  
 A thousand Paths untrod before,  
 I'll ask of *Seneca* my Way,  
 Nor, if he guides me, fear to stray.  
 Grant me but this, ye Powers divine,  
 And all that you can give, were mine.

---

*On being desired to describe the happy  
 State of two Lovers.*

**M**INERVA, gentle Goddess, aid my Pen,  
 Inspire my Thoughts with Energy di-  
 vine,

So like thy own, that in each Line may flow,  
 Beauty, and Wit, soft Eloquence, and Love;  
 For sure such Merit as I wou'd describe,  
 Cou'd ne'er be known to any Fair but thee.  
 If Verse, that pleasing Sound, yields most  
 Delight,

O, teach me, how in Verse to charm the Soul,  
 'Till that dear Pair, of whom I'd ever sing,

Listens, -- approves, -- and smiling, seems to  
say

I hav'n't done 'em Wrong.

Methinks, I hear the Goddess thus reply,  
Incens'd reply, -- Vain, silly Girl, forbear ;  
Nor thus presumptuously thy Hand prepare  
To write their Praise.

As some bad Painter, whose unskilful Art,  
Nor can attract the Eyes, or glad the Heart ;  
Tho' once that Beauty which he meant to  
draw,  
Perhaps had kept the *Roman* World in Awe ;  
Now form'd by him, -- these fallow Cheeks, that  
Eye,

Is undistinguish'd, past regardless by :

So wou'd thy feeble Muse their Worth re-  
hearse,

And by thy Want of Skill, make merit less,  
Cou'dst thou describe the blissful State above,  
The Angel's Meekness, -- and the Maker's  
Love :

The Sun's bright Truth, -- the constant Streams  
that flow,

From rocky Summits to the Vales below ;  
The tender Friendships of those Guardian  
guides,

Who o'er the Ways of pious Men presides ;  
The

The sweetest Peace that virtuous Minds possess,  
 Nor shock'd by Time,--nor made by Envy less:  
 Cou'dst thou do this,--as sure no Mortal can,  
 Then might you shew this Nymph, and happy Man.

---

*On a Country Lady.*

OBScure from City Toils, and courtly Pride,  
 Near Sylvan Scenes, where bubling Waters glide,  
 Where small Birds sing, and tender Lambkins play,  
 Where Innocence and Pleasure passes Time away:  
 There, free from Cares, save only love-sick Smart,  
 Reigns charming *Molly*, Queen of every Heart;  
 The fair One ne'er in shining Courts have been,  
 Nor the polite ensnaring World has seen,  
 Yet she has Virtue, Wit, and Beauty store,  
 And what can Courts, or Cities boast of more.

*On*

*On the Death of a young Lady.*

O Cruel Death ! How fatal was thy Dart,  
 To plunge so deep in such a tender Heart ;  
 Sure *Cloe's* Beauty might have charm'd thy  
 Breast,  
 To've let her live to make her Lovers blest ;  
 Or did it charm indeed, and thou hast meant,  
 To keep unto thyself that lovely Saint ?  
 Or did thy Envy curs'd the fair One see,  
 So fear'd her Eyes shou'd conquer more than  
 thee.

---

*The RESOLVE.*

AS from my Breast, the other Day,  
 My *Strephon's* Name I drew,  
 Who cou'd my Heart, said I, survey,  
 The same might plainly view.  
 I took my Pen,--thus boldly spoke,  
 I'll here erase the Name,  
 Then read my Heart,--and found the Stroke  
 Had blotted there the same.

On



*On two Sisters.*

*MOLLY* is pretty,  
And *Betty* is witty,

*Molly* is awkward,

And *Betty's* genteel.

Too feign'd a Reservedness deceives you in  
*Molly*,

But *Betty* without Affectation is gay.

*Molly* can smile,

And an Artist beguile,

For her Heart and her Tongue but seldom  
agree,

But *Betty's* Behaviour in every kind Action,

Declares that her innocent Heart is as free.

*Molly's* fair Looks she but lends with her Fa-  
vours,

Whilst *Betty* with Freedom bestows 'em on all,

*Molly* too greatly esteems her small Beauty,

And prizes those Eyes that were made for her  
Fall.

'Tis true, she has Charms enough for a Lover,

Who wishes his Mistress in Bed may be kind,

Yet had she as many as Art can discover,

My Choice shou'd be *Betty*,--her Shape,--and  
her Mind.

*True*

*True Love.*

W H E N absent from *Collin*,  
 No Joy can I find ;  
 Dejected in Person,  
 Uneasy in Mind ;  
 Nor Mirth, Shew, nor Palace,  
 Can render me Ease,  
 But whilst with my *Collin*,  
 A Dungeon can please.

*On being ask'd, why I prais'd a Per-  
 son whom I knew had Faults.*

S I L V I A has Crimes,--her busy Foes re-  
 hearse,  
 That she has Crimes, we know,--nay, must  
 confess,  
 And shew me now *that* Fair can boast of less.

*Silvia*, has Merits too, deserving Praise,  
 And Merits, that the Crimes by far out-  
 weighs ;  
 The too, too partial World, is blind to these.

Cou'd she commit what Thought can ne'er  
 devise,  
 The Faults I'd blame,--yet, still, the Merits  
 prize.

*I N C O N -*

## INCONSTANCY.

I Wonder not that like a Swan,  
 Great *Jove* descended from above ;  
 For had the God appear'd a Man,  
 Perhaps the *Nymph* had scorn'd his Love.

So much to change is Woman prone,  
 The newest Face secures her Heart ;  
 Nor could she long admire her own,  
 Did Nature nor give Place to Art.

To-day in *Strephon's* Arms is seen,  
 She who to-morrow flies the Swain ;  
 So since the World begun they've been,  
 So till it ends, will they remain.

## FORTUNE.

BELIEVE me, Fortune is a Cheat,  
 And whom she favours most to-day,  
 Tho' counted wise ; nay, good and great,  
 To-morrow is each Blockhead's Prey ;  
 Such Ups and Downs attend her Reign,  
 Her largest Gifts oft Ruin brings ;  
 Nor does she leave the humble Swain  
 Exempt from Cares, or spares the Kings.

Then

Then none but Ideots wou'd attend,  
 Her fickle Courts, where Horrors dwell ;  
 Give me, ye Gods ! a faithful Friend,  
 And I'll defy her, in a Cell.

---

*The Happy Cobler. A Fable.*

A Cobler who in Town had been,  
 And many Ups and Downs had seen ;  
 Knew what was said, and what was done,  
 And who had Wit, and who had none ;  
 Grown wiser still, at length he spies,  
 That one Man's Fall's the other's Rise ;  
 That foul Ambition Faction brings,  
 To rear up Knaves, and pull down Kings :  
 Pleas'd with his Fate, he hugs himself,  
 From Envy free, whilst free from Pelf.  
 He dreads no Robbers in the Night,  
 No Loss of Wealth his Dreams afright ;  
 Ambition ne'er enslaves his Breast,  
 The lowest Seat's the safest Rest ;  
 He climbs no higher than his Stall,  
 The greater Height, the greater Fall ;  
 No States are levell'd at his Crown,  
 No Plots are laid to pull him down :  
 For why, -- says he, -- I, happy Man,  
 Can be no lower than I am ;

And



And greater than a King is he,  
That thus can live, and think like me.

---

*Written extempore under a Bunch of  
Shamarocks (otherwise call'd, Three  
Faces under a Hood) on St. Patrick's  
Day.*

**B**Ehold the Saint, by just Decree of Fate,  
From little Causes, wond'rous Truths re-  
late;  
See this, -- he cries, -- hence know, *Hibernia's*  
kind,  
Has several Faces to one Body join'd.

---

*On the present Troubles.*

**T**HO' meagre Envy with a rancour'd Soul,  
Shall view my *Britons* Arms with Con-  
quest crown'd,  
Tho' Rome shall mourn the Force she can't  
controul,  
And wish her stately Structures level Ground;  
Still shall her juster Cause, supremely great!  
Fell Bigot's Hopes, and *Frenchmen's* Guile  
defeat.

T

A

## A S O N G.

**A** S *Collin* and *Delia* one Moon-shiny Night,  
 Brisk over the Meadows trip'd gayly along,  
 The Goddess befriended the Boy with her  
 Light,  
 And the Nightingale favour'd the Nymph with  
 a Song.

The soft playing Zephyrs breath'd Odours  
 more sweet,  
 Than the Vales of *Arabia* had ever possess'd ;  
 And the lillywhite Dazies sprung under her  
 Feet,  
 As ambitious to vye with the Snow on her  
 Breast.

Withdraw, fickle Mistress, thy pale borrow'd  
 Light,  
 We lack but thy Aid when my *Delia's* away;  
 In plain native Beauty she sparkles more bright,  
 Than thy self, or thy Brother, proud God of  
 the Day.

Away, silly Nightingale, silence thy Throat,  
 You heard not my *Delia*, how sweetly she sung;  
 What Lark, Thrush, or Blackbird, can equal  
 his Note,  
 To the soft killing Musick, that dwells on her  
 A Tongue ?

T

A Fig

A Fig for thy Whiteness, thou vain little Flower,  
 We gaze not on Trifles when *Delia* is here,  
 Thy poor fading Beauties are gone in an Hour,  
 But those of my *Delia*'s are fresh all the Year.  
 And thou busy Zephyrus, thou too may'st re-  
     tire,  
 We want not thy Odours our Joys to com-  
     pleat ;  
 One Kiss from my *Delia* more Raptures in-  
     spire,  
 Than thee, or thy Woodbines, tho' never so  
     sweet.

---

*The Despairing Nymph.*

**B**EAR me some Power, to *Windsor*'s shady  
     Groves,  
 The Scene of Monarchs, Gods, and Shepherd's  
     Loves ;  
 Perhaps the Swain who has my Heart betray'd,  
 Is there caressing some more happy Maid.  
 Happy indeed ! the favour'd Nymph may be,  
 Fairer, nay richer too, than wretched me ;  
 Tho' gilded Charms unwary Youths pursue,  
 Gay *Windsor* ne'er cou'd boast a Nymph so  
     true ;  
 My constant Heart can jealous Fears remove,  
 And what I want in Wealth, - I'll pay in Love.

But if those Shades denies a Maid Relief,  
 And my Love's Absence, still augments my  
 Grief;  
 With my last Breath I'll there repeat his  
 Name,  
 Then, like *Lodona*, weep me to a Stream,  
 And Tribute pay with her to flowing  
*Thame*.

---

*To a Frined, after a Quarrel.*

I N vain you strive to act a cruel Part,  
 Your gentle Looks betray your tender  
 Heart;  
 Those harmless Frowns, can ne'er thy Soul  
 disguise,  
 The kind Forgiveness sparkles in your Eyes;  
 Oh, matchless Goodness! so allied to Heav'n,  
 We but offend—in hopes to be forgiven.

---

*VIRTUE and FORTUNE. A Fable.*

Virtue and Fortune, met one Day,  
 And Virtue thus began the Fray;  
 Thou blind misguided Monster, why  
 Am I forsaken, forc'd to fly  
 To lonely Shades to hide my Head,  
 Whilst Knaves and Pools in Pomp are fed?

Fortune



Fortune reply'd, — Cease, Virtue, cease,  
 Thy Tongue's so blunt, it cannot please,  
 Thy Words and Acts, are both so plain,  
 Thou'lt ne'er gain ought--except thy Name.

---

*On the Thaw of the late Great Frost,*  
*in 1740.*

NOW, like thyself, sweet *Thames* glide  
 boldly on,

The dreadful Foe who stop'd thy Course is  
 gone;

Gone to some distant Clime, to reign secure,  
 Where neither *Sols*, nor Springs Infults are  
 sure:

Now, uncontroul'd, safe o'er thy Bosom send  
 The plenteous Stores, on which our Hopes  
 depend;

Thy long afflicted *Charons* now relieve,  
 And with thy wonted Smiles, their Smiles re-  
 trieve:

So may'st thou ever roll, — sweet silver *Thames*!  
 Thee, and thy *Briton*, both exempt from  
 Chains.

---

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP! — compos'd of Nothing but the  
 Name,

Thou seeming Good, that do all Ills contain;

By Knaves contriv'd, to make their Plottings  
sure,

Who boast of Friendship,--Friendship,--still  
allure.

Great Int'rest bears alone the subtle Sway,

In Sight of that--true Friendship flies away :

If golden Friendships can encrease their Store,

Oh ! how they'll friend it ?--till you friend no  
more :

How seldom Friendships reach the friendless  
Poor.

Wou'dst thou be happy, learn thee to be  
wise,

Trust not in Friendship, all her Arts despise,

The World's betray'd thro' Friendship's fair  
Disguise ;

With me resolve, and never want a Friend,

In none confide,—and do on none depend ;

I find none false,—for I in none believ'd,

And never trusting, ne'er can be deceiv'd.

### *Simile, to a Friend.*

AS by a pleasant River's Side,

One Night I chanc'd to rove ;

To see the Crystal Waters glide,

And meditate on Love.

The

The little Fish in harmless Play  
 The glassy Surface skim ;  
 Nor envy Kings, less Great than they,  
 Whilst wantonly they swim.

'Twas then I sigh'd, and thought on thee,  
 Unhappy, lovely Fair,  
 Cou'dst thou thy own Resemblance see,  
 You'd justly know it there.

Thus you, regardless of your Fate,  
 The tempting Way pursue ;  
 At length you'll meet the treacherous Bait,  
 And Ruin must ensue.

*To a Gentleman, who wrote in Praise  
 of his Mistress.*

**B**elieve me, *Strephon*, when I say,  
 'Twere vain to write of *Mira's* Praise,  
*Mira* is witty, young, and gay,  
 And *Mira* sings, and *Mira* plays.

Yet *Mira* is a Woman still,  
 I long have found, and so will you,  
 That, let the Sex say what they will,  
 But few, alas, were ever true.

Then, what's a Face, a Shape, or Air?  
 Beauty in Animals we see ;

If

If *Mira's* Soul is not sincere,  
Her Form's a worthless Lump.—to me.

---

*To the Same.*

FYE, *Strephon*, fye, too silly Swain,  
Are all these Tears for *Mira* shed?  
Do'st thus in fruitless Griefs complain,  
And pale thy Cheeks 'cause hers are red?  
Hast thou not oft been heard to say,  
You knew the Sex, and none were true?  
Then why shou'dst thus thyself dismay,  
Tho' *Colin* is prefer'd to you?

Besides, Revenge will soon o'ertake  
The Youth who now enjoys her Charms;  
For she'll To-morrow him forsake,  
And yield her to *Amintor's* Arms.

---

*The Happy Life.*

WITH thee, contented, cou'd I ever dwell,  
Fix'd to some Cottage, or some lonely  
Cell,  
That lonely Cell, wou'd dearer be to me,  
Than gilded Palaces, depriv'd of thee.

I'd envy not the Courtier's slothful Ease,  
My chief Delight shou'd daily be to please;  
Happy



Happy at Night, if you approv'd my Toil,  
And doubly rewarded by a Smile.

Cou'd those above, on Earth such Bliss bestow,  
Inhabit there, who wou'd,—I'd live below.

---

*To the Same.*

**M**IGHT I with thee, my future Moments  
    spend,  
Thou charming Lover,—thou improving Friend;  
With thee, my Residue of Life run o'er,  
And lag in melancholy Paths no more.  
In those sweet Shades, in thy dear Arms I'd lie,  
Contented live,—nor discontented die ;  
Thy lively Wit shou'd every Sense improve,  
And make my Joys extensive as my Love.  
These Shades alone, my pleasing Bounds  
    shou'd be,  
For all things else, shou'd be compriz'd in thee;  
With thee each Scene, more lovely still wou'd  
grow,  
And R—d Hill look green, 'midst Winter's  
Snow.

---

*Pleasures of Sleep.*

**I**N vain wou'd Fate endeavour to divide  
A Heart from yours, which Heaven to  
yours have tied ;

Nor

Nor cruel Absence can appear my Foe,  
For still I'm with thee, wheresoe'er you go.

My constant Soul at Evening to thee flies,  
Regardless how its helpless Prison lies;  
Views all thy Beauties, wanders o'er thy  
Charms,

And reaps a thousand Blissess in thy Arms.

Guards all thy Slumbers with assiduous Care,  
And boasts itself thy better Angel there;  
Clings round thy Neck,—to thy soft Bosom  
lies,

And on thy Lips dissolves in melting Sighs.

### To Delia.

**W**HEN first I sought to know my *Delia's*  
Mind,

I thought her witty, innocent, and kind;  
Sincere, and plain, from Affectation free,  
Her Words and Thoughts, both sway'd by  
Modesty.

Void of Restraint, yet nice in all her Ways,  
To Censure slow, but lavish in her Praise;

Strict in her Honour, steady in her Love,  
A Foe to Pride, and good as those above.

Endearing to her Friends, true to her Trust,  
To all obliging, and to none unjust;

But

But found at length, I knew than this no more,  
That she was false,--which Hundreds knew  
before.

---

*To the Same.*

**H**OW often *Delia*, have I said,  
A Woman once was true ;  
And whilst I other's Crimes display'd,  
Fix'd all their Good on you.

Too soon deceiv'd, I thought you so,  
Nay, thought you so alone ;  
Till prov'd Experience let me know,  
The Sex was all in one.

For thou can'st smile,—deceitful Smile !  
When most you wou'd betray ;  
Can fawn, can flatter, can beguile,  
Can love,—about a Day.

Can barter Friendship for a Toy,  
And each new Face adore ;  
Can charm, like *Syrens*, to destroy,  
And what can all do more.

---

*To Strephon.*

**A**S does the Sun, you shine alike on all,  
Nor one peculiar Influence lets fall ;  
The

216 Occasional POEMS.

The Witty, Fair, the Homely, Proud, and  
 Vain,  
 Your languid Smiles, with equal Share obtain.  
 Then, who wou'd wish to live on that kind  
 Breast,  
 Where every Fool by turns may be caress't?  
 No, let me rather thus distinguish'd be,  
 Spare once thy Smiles, - and cast a Frown on me.

---

A FAREWEL.

A long Farewel, — since we must part,  
 Accept this last Adieu;  
 Yet, be assur'd, the faithful Heart  
 Shall still remain with you.

True as the Soul of Constancy,  
 And just, as e'er was Friend  
 Who wou'dn't fawn thro' Fallacy;  
 Or flatter for an End.

Tho' Time and Absence, can employ  
 The never wearied Eye,  
 Still in my Mind, will I enjoy  
 A Form that ne'er can die.

Thy dear Idea, — best belov'd,  
 Is there for ever plac'd;  
 Which ne'er shall be by Time remov'd,  
 Or Objects new, defac'd.

On



*To a young Lady, who had no good  
Quality herself; yet frequently found  
Faults in her Acquaintance.*

WHEN pretty Nancy views within her  
Glas,  
The borrow'd Charms, which new adorn her  
Face;  
Full of her self, and prompt by vain Desire,  
Resolves to go, and set the World on Fire.  
Fatal Resolve!—unhappy Swain beware,  
For Nancy swears, she'll not one Mortal  
spare,  
No not the P—n, at his pious Prayer;  
And sure the Nymph can never fail Success,  
Whose artful Hand can with such Niceness  
dress;  
Whose Soul disdains what homely Nature gave,  
And scorns to be to Honour's Rules a Slave;  
No virtuous Thoughts incumber Nancy's  
Breast,  
And plain Sincerity's a vulgar Jest;  
Her noble Mind abhors the Name of Friend,  
Yet she can flatter,—for a private End;  
And whilst her Words with seeming Kindness  
please,  
Can censure those who most deserves her Praise.  
O happy Genius! which so well can prove  
In one affected Air, Deceit and Love;

U

Enchant-

Enchanting Tongue!—thou Engine of her  
Wit,

Which ne'er lay still, -and ne'er was tired yet :  
The Prude to thee may all her Craft resign;  
And the Coquet may own her Talent thine.  
Let other Maids in native Beauties shine,  
Perfect as *Venus*, --or as Heav'n divine ;  
*Nancy's* refinish'd Form, from nicer Art,  
Imprints an Image on each Ploughman's  
Heart.

Go on, bright Fair, nor let pale Envy say,  
You ruled the Chariot, only for a Day ;  
Fire every Heart with your attractive Charms,  
And boldly take each Shepherd to your Arms ;  
Then all shall own (who e'er repeats your  
Name)

The Nymph had Kindness, equal to their  
Flame.

*Written on St. Valentine's Day, for a  
Gentleman to send his Mistress.*

AS does the Ray  
Of chearful Day  
All other Rays oppose,  
So pretty *Bi*,  
Does all outvie,  
Where e'er the Fair-one goes.

'Midst

'Midst the Resort  
Of S—d Court,  
I solemnly declare,  
There's not one Lass,  
Can her surpass,  
Nor yet with her compare.  
The blooming Rose  
Its Sweets disclose,  
Both on her Lips and Breast;  
The happy Few  
Who sip that Dew,  
Must certainly be blest.  
The Virgin Zone  
Of her alone,  
Whom mighty *Mars* embrac'd;  
Was ne'er so neat,  
Or so compleat,  
As is her slender Waist.  
To see her walk,  
And hear the Talk  
Of each admiring Youth;  
Oh, how their Praise  
My Wonder raise,  
Tho' well I know 'tis Truth.  
One vows she's fair,  
Another dare  
But faintly wish her his;

A third admires,  
 A fourth expires,  
 In sad *Platonick* Bliss.  
 And why shou'd I,  
 My Charmer, die,  
 Nor dare to tell my Pain;  
 Since bounteous Heaven  
 Your Worth has given,  
 But to repay your Swain.  
 Then prithee Miss,  
 Remember this,  
 'Twas for your Sake alone,  
 I early rose,  
 Put on my Cloaths,  
 And writ this Hand unknown;  
 To let you know  
 'Tis even so,  
 My Heart I must resign,  
 And that I'll be  
 Sincere to thee,  
 My pretty Valentine.

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F I N I S



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